McKean County Miner.

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SMETHPORT IS OFF THE LINE

Of Narrow Gauge as a Result of a Recent Agreement.

KUSHEQUA ROUTE WILL BE USED

To Connect Between McKeans and Smethport—Change to be Made Within Next Two Weeks.

The following from the Mt. Jewett Herald gives a detailed account of the changes that will take place through the railroad deal between S. S. Bullis, owner of the B., B. & K., and Elisha K. Kane of the Kushequa Route:

Tuesday of this week S. S. Bullis transferred to the Goodyears possession of the Buffalo, Attica & Arcade railroad, a standard gauge system extending from Arcade to Attica, N. Y., a distance of about 40 miles, which was built and controlled by him, and in the transaction received the entire stock and bonds representing the ownership of the Buffalo, Bradford & Kane—a narrow gauge system, extending from Bradford to Smethport, a distance of 25 7-10 miles.

It was understood at the time, and in fact stated by Mr. Bullis, that he purposed purchasing, or by an exchange of properties, securing possession of the Big Level & Kinzua railroad—or that portion of the narrow gauge system extending from Ormsby to Mt. Jewett, a distance of 10½ miles, and on Thursday a contract was entered into between Mr. Bullis and Mr. Kane, under the terms of which the entire stock and bonds of the B., L. & K. are to be transferred to Mr. Bullis in exchange for a permanent lease of the Smethport branch of the B., B. & K., extending from Ormsby to Smethport, a distance of 7¾ miles, and a cash payment of $5,000.

The lease, which is to the Keating & Smethport railroad, a short line formerly owned and operated by the Extract company, at Smethport, and connecting with the Pennsylvania system, includes provisions authorizing alterations and abandonment of tracks. It is the purpose of the Keating & Smethport company to avail itself of the provisions in the lease for exchanging traffic with the Kushequa Route, over and across the intervening P., S. & N. tracks, thereby affording a standard gauge outlet for the Haines and Camp glass works to the Erie and B., R. & P. railroads.

The engineers of the Kushequa system visited McKeans to-day (Friday) in company with Mr. Kane and Mr. A. B. Campbell of the B., B. & K. with a view to laying out the necessary tracks for interchanging of passengers and freight at that point, where the junction will ultimately be fixed instead of at Ormsby. Owing to the prevailing bad weather it is likely that this work will require at least two weeks, and during this period the B., B. & K. will continue to run passenger trains between Smethport and Ormsby as heretofore.

Until the necessary tracks have been constructed for the connecting of the K. & S. and Kushequa Route at Smethport, the B., B. & K. will continue to handle car load freights from points south and east of the P., S. & N.

Present passenger schedules will continue in force for the time, while the mails and Wells-Fargo express will be interchanged at McKeans.

One of the features of the general exchange of properties that will effect the people of this community is that the Kushequa Route will retain trackage rights over the narrow gauge road at Mt. Jewett and will complete the laying of a standard gauge track to the Grand Central Union depot.

Mr. Bullis, who has secured absolute control of the narrow gauge system between Bradford and Mt. Jewett, has not yet fully decided upon his plans for the future of the road, but we understand that he contemplates the changing of the line to a standard gauge.

The Bradford Era also says: At a meeting of the stockholders of the Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railroad Company, held at 1 o'clock Tuesday afternoon at the local office of the corporation, the following officers were elected: President, W. W. Bell; first vice president, G. P. Bullis; secretary, treasurer, editor, general freight and passenger agent, R. S. Bullis; general superintendent, A. B. Campbell. At this meeting the old board of directors, which included M. E. Olmstead, F. H. Goodyear, C. W. Goodyear, F. H. Lehr, H. Richmond, D. H. Jack and A. B. Campbell presented their resignations and they were accepted. The directors chosen to succeed them are Messrs. W. W. Bell, S. S. Bullis, G. P. Bullis, R. S. Bullis, C. V. Merrick, D. H. Jack and A. B. Campbell.

The officers and directors voted unanimously to continue operations on the narrow gauge line under the management of Mr. Campbell, who was tendered the position of general superintendent.

Traffic will be conducted as at present, pending new arrangements, if the venture proves a paying one various improvements will be made to the road. The general offices of the company, which have been at 950 Ellicott Square, Buffalo, since the line was purchased by the Goodyears in December, 1903, will hereafter be located in Bradford.

"In Old Virginia" by Local Talent.

Local talent presented the strong Southern drama, "In Old Virginia," at the Lyceum Tuesday evening before a large and highly appreciative audience. For so heavy a play it was unusually well handled and shows plainly that the members of the Smethport Dramatic Club have much natural ability and that Mr. Charles Payne is an able director and instructor.

The cast was as follows: Horace Verner, B. T. Garlick; Ira Courtleigh, Charles Payne; Squire Ripley, O. G. Choate; Major Duffy, Kenneth Mayo; Dink Potts, Frank Dunbar; Buck Tyson, J. L. Morrison; Lige, Leo Koenig; Iroquois Courtleigh, Miss Mable Camp; Prudence Freehart, Miss Lucy Mitchell; Ginger, a Gypsy, Miss Ethel Gifford; Nance, a Gypsy hag, Mrs. Myrtle Payne. Each played his or her part in a most creditable manner, portraying the character to its best advantage and words of praise are heard from every lip, some thinking that one and others another was most perfect in his or her part, so we will not attempt to name our favorite.

The specialties were first class and much credit is due to the young ladies who took part. The Picture Dance by Misses Ethel Andrews, Maze Kissock, Sallie Nixon and Trma Wells was more clever than is often done by professionals and the Gypsy Dance by Misses Maude Heath, Ruth Holmes, Ella Nixon and Belva Gerritt received much well earned applause. The tableaux by Misses Zela Brasted, Donna Lyman, Eva Hopper and Cora Abley added greatly to the scenic effects of the play.

It is pretty generally hoped that the Smethport Dramatic Club will become a permanent organization and that from time to time we will continue to have plays of this class presented by home actors.

Woman Arrested for Poisoning.

A dispatch from Olean, dated Jan. 8, says: In this city Friday, Mary Delaney of Belvidere, N. Y., was arrested for drunkenness and sent to Little Valley jail for 30 days. And it now develops that the woman is wanted at Belvidere, N. Y., for alleged complicity in the poisoning of an Italian named Guiseppi Bossi. It appears that Bossi while in the company of several of his fellow countrymen were drinking on a recent night. Bossi died and Pasquale Middelano was made very ill but recovered. The circumstances looked suspicious and the local authorities concluded that Bossi's death had been brought about by foul means. He had been robbed of $200, it is claimed, presumably by the one who poisoned him. The Delaney woman was with the men during their carousal and afterwards departed from that place, coming to Olean. Rough on Rats is said to have been the poison used. A male companion of the woman, an Italian, is being sought by the police.

Attempt at Suicide.

Mary Brettle, aged 19 years, attempted suicide by swallowing a quantity of carbolic acid, Saturday afternoon, at the B., R. & P. depot. The girl, in company with a companion with whom she had been living on Hilton street, was waiting for a Buffalo train when she was seen to place the vial, containing the poison, to her lips and drink a portion of it. She was carried into the ladies' room in the depot and physicians were summoned to attend her. Subsequently she was conveyed to the hospital. An examination revealed that she had swallowed but a small amount of the acid, which burned her mouth and lips in a painful manner. Sunday afternoon she was discharged from the hospital and departed on the flyer for Buffalo. Despondency is ascribed as the cause of the attempt at self-destruction. The girl is an orphan and formerly resided in Tonawanda, where she has several relatives.—Bradford Era.

Twenty American Sailors Drowned.

A dispatch from Waterford, Ireland, dated Jan. 11, says: The steamer Zeno arrived to day and had aboard the captain and eleven men, the only survivors of the crew of 32 of the United States steam dredger, Texas. The Texas foundered off Western Islands December 9. One boat with the mate and nineteen of the crew were lost. The survivors drifted in open sea several days in an open boat and suffered excruciating misery from lack of food and water. On the day they were picked up they had been driven to the extremity of casting lots as to which of the number should be killed, to provide food for the remainder. The men saved from this horrible fate are on the verge of insanity.

My stock of blankets and robes is unusually good this season. The latest styles and the very best quality is to be found in my stock. CHAS. LEMMLER.

The Acme Cushion shoe for ladies is a relief to sore feet and corns. See them at Rubin's exclusive shoe store.

A New School Room.

Owing to the increased enrollment at the Smethport schools it has become necessary to fit up another room and hire another teacher for the accommodation of the scholars, there being now about 450 names enrolled. A room which is about 28 by 32 feet square with a nine foot ceiling has been finished off in the southwest corner of the basement of the school house. A new wood floor has been put over the cement floor and the ceiling and side walls plastered and now it is about as comfortable a room as there is in the school house. Seats will be put in and Miss Barry will start on her duties as teacher in this room, which will be occupied by the seventh grade, on Monday, Jan. 23.

Yesterday we were informed that there was some complaint that the new room was damp and dark and that the health of the scholars would be endangered by using it for a school room, so we decided to make a personal visit. We found the room as above described and it is as dry, light and cheerful a room as can be found in a majority of the offices, business places or homes in this borough. It has five windows 42 by 19 inches, three on the south and two on the west side, which can be opened allowing good ventilation.

Of course this room is not quite as well provided with light and the ceilings are not as high as the other rooms but it is a vast improvement on a majority of the rooms in the Smethport school when the writer attended that institution and we would advise the parents of scholars who will be located in this room to pay it a visit before making a complaint.

Death of Joseph Patterson.

Joseph Patterson, aged about 60 years, died at the County Home at 10 o'clock last Saturday morning, Jan. 7, after a lingering illness of Brights' disease and valvular heart trouble. The deceased had been ill nearly all winter and was contemplating going to the Soldiers' Home, but before he got ready he was not able to stand the trip and a little over two weeks ago he decided to go to the County Home.

The deceased was born in Allegheny, Pa., and when the War of the Rebellion broke out he enlisted with a Pittsburg regiment, with which he did honorable service. He was afterward united in marriage and two sons were the fruits of the union. Later the family drifted apart and it is not known here whether any or all of his family survive. He has one sister who resides in Allegheny and four brothers, one of whom is supposed to live in Foxburg, Pa.

Joseph Patterson came to Smethport upwards of 20 years ago and most of the time has been employed by John F. Rooney in his meat market, he being a butcher by trade. At different times he has accepted positions in adjoining towns but always called Smethport his home and would return after a short time. He was of a quiet, retiring disposition and never told anyone much of his past life. He was an expert at his trade and an honest, hard worker for his employer.

The funeral services were held at St. Luke's church at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon, Rev. J. Heber McCandless officiating, and his remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

The Blue Flame Heater; just the proper thing. No smoke or smell. Holmes & Gilfillan.

LOST—Thursday evening gray fur lined glove. If found leave at store of D. C. Young and receive reward.

The Jewel Cake Griddle, the only only thing for baking pancakes. At Holmes & Gilfillan's.

C. H. Gleason pays cash for hydes and furs.

Newspaper Legislation.

The Bradford Era makes the following timely remarks in regard to proposed legislation regulating the press:

The State Editorial Association is promoting a movement which has for its object the enactment by the Legislature of a new and more liberal libel law. Judging from Harrisburg advices, the powers that be approve the Grady-Salus act and will not be likely to favor its repeal. If anything is done in the matter of regulating newspapers it will probably take the form of an amendment along the lines suggested by the Governor in his recent message, which, instead of giving the press more liberty, would further restrict its freedom, making the suppression of newspapers possible for "habitual misrepresentation." If the latter provision is added to the existing law it will result in legal possibilities of a nature not calculated to please the owners of newspapers.

Habitual and actual misrepresentation is inexcusable, but there are differences of opinion as to what misrepresentation amounts to in some cases. For example: During political campaigns a Democratic editor will write from a partisan standpoint about the alleged wickedness of the Republican party. And every Republican reader will be of the belief that the editor of that journal is a conscienceless political slanderer. On the other hand, a Republican editor will extol his party and severely denounce the Democracy. And every Democrat who reads that sort of editorial matter will be convinced that the Republican journalist is habitually and maliciously misrepresenting the facts and that the offending newspaper is a common nuisance. Yet both the Democratic and Republican editors will believe all the statements which they make are true and for the advantage of the community and the nation.

Wrongdoers have an easy way of compromising with their consciences and they soon learn to regard themselves as "honorable men"—even as did the slayers of Cæsar—and if the truth be told about them in the public press they feel deeply aggrieved. They, too, are convinced that editors are habitually disposed to misrepresent facts. It depends largely upon who happens to feel hurt in such cases. And while it might be possible to restrain unprincipled, sensational "yellow journals," at the same time honest, self-respecting publications would also be jeopardized in their liberties and much injury to the latter class of newspapers would undoubtedly result. The Republican law makers of Pennsylvania should regard any such proposed legislation as a live wire and refrain from touching it.

Marriage and Divorce.

During 1904 3,895 marriage licenses were issued by the Probate Court of Cuyahoga county, Ohio, and Cleveland is the county, practically. During the same year 920 divorce suits were filed in the Common Pleas Court of the county, but the judges found time only to grant 632 divorces. The number of divorce suits was 24 per cent. of the marriages. McKean county makes a very strong showing in divorce cases but the percentage of unhappy marriages here is much smaller than that shown in Cleveland, judging from the above figures. But the breaking of conjugal ties here and there and elsewhere, throughout the United States, is astounding in extent and those churchmen who are endeavoring to check the evil are fully justified in all that has been said and done by them in promoting the movement against divorce.

There is only one medicinal whiskey sold in Smethport. Ask for O. F. C. at Hotel Imperial.

Ladies call at Rubin's shoe store for the Acme Cushion shoe.

NOTICE TO DELINQUENTS.

The MINER makes every effort within its power to furnish you the news of the county. We flatter ourselves that we succeed fairly well in our endeavors. The paper should be worth $1.25 a year to a subscriber if he does not prefer to pay $1.00 in advance. Almost everyone knows that if takes considerable time and some money to run a first-class newspaper, therefore to facilitate matters we will send out a large number of bills by mail next week, with the sincere hope that they will be promptly settled. It is not a question of a subscriber's credit, but many people are proverbially slow in paying for a home newspaper. The bills are in most cases small but the entirety represent a sum that will aid us materially in our business. Unless many of these bills are settled promptly we will be compelled, BY NECESSITY, TO ENFORCE COLLECTION on some of these bills, although we very much dislike to inconvenience any of our friends and subscribers.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Colegrove-Case.—At the house of the bride's mother, by Rev. L. A. Stevens, June 27, 1877, Mr. C. M. Colegrove, of Colegrove, McKean county, Pa., and Miss Lydia S. Case, of Kanona, Steuben county, N. Y.

W. D. Gallup's store was subjected to a petty burglary on Monday evening, July 16, 1877. One of the lights of glass in the front door was removed to allow admittance, and a coat, an umbrella, a quantity of tobacco and cigars, and a few shillings in change from the drawer were secured as the plunder. It was a bungling job and rather slimly rewarded.

Mrs. Palmer Abbey of Keating township, met with a curious accident some days ago, which came near proving fatal. She and her husband were out picking berries, and while stepping over a log she felt something strike one of her legs below the knee. The immediate sensation was quite painful and she says felt as if some one had hit her with a stone. She sat down a few minutes and finally concluded to return to the house. In the meantime the limb commenced swelling. All the household remedies known for swellings, bruises, bee stings, etc., were used with but little benefit. There was no suspicion that she had been bitten by a venomous reptile till some forty-eight hours after when she began to feel very sick. Then she came down to consult Dr. H. L. McCoy. Upon an examination of the almost imperceptable wound with a glass the doctor pronounced it a rattlesnake bite. The prints of the fangs of the reptile were distinctly visible under the glass. Mrs. Abbey had taken the precaution before starting out to put on a pair of heavy woolen socks, also a pair of men's pantaloons, with the bottoms of the legs tucked inside the socks, as a protection against the briers and bushes, which fact was no doubt all that saved her life. It is well known by those who have investigated the subject that the poison of the rattlesnake is precipitated by means of the lower fang, which is shorter than the upper one. In this case the upper and lower fang penetrated the outer covering and entered the limb, while the thickness of the covering did not permit the lower one to penetrate far enough to deposit a sufficient quantity of the poison to be immediately fatal. Without medical treatment the result would undoubtedly prove fatal, and even with the best of treatment and care it will be some time before Mrs. Abbey fully recovers from the effects of the bite. It was indeed what may be called a "close call," and it was not his snakeship's fault that it was not a sure and fatal one. [July 1877].

Dora Gleason, only daughter and eldest child of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Gleason, of this borough, died at the residence of her parents Thursday afternoon, July 26, 1877, at the age of 20 years, 2 months and 24 days.

She was sick but two or three weeks, and not till a few days before her death did she or her friends suspect that her sickness would prove fatal. Her death resulted from a deterioration and thinness of the blood, an unusual disease, which baffled the utmost skill and constant care of two of our best physicians, who attended her night and day until she became unconscious. A few days before her death she was told by one of her physicians that there was no hope of her recovery, and although very much surprised, received the news calmly and commenced at once to bid adieu to earthly associations and prepare for the great change that awaited her. She had not been a professed Christian, but before she died had full assurance of forgiveness and was fully prepared to meet her Lord, who died that all might be saved. To a wordly mind it would hardly seem that Dora was ever very far from a Christian or had many sins to be forgiven. She was one of those gentle quiet, unassuming, pure minded and refined young ladies of which any community, social circle or family is justly proud. She was dearly beloved by all her young friends and associates, and the tongue of envy, malice or slander never dared to meddle with her fair reputation. She bid an affectionate farewell to all her young friends, most earnestly bidding them to prepare for death. Those who witnessed them say that these sad farewell scenes were extremely pathetic and impressive. It seems a mysterious providence that takes away our beloved ones as it were on the threshold of real life, with so many possibilities of happiness and usefulness and others before them, yet if we believe in an all-wise Providence we must bow to the painful infliction in submission and faith that all is for the best. The afflicted parents, who in losing Dora must feel that they have lost nearly all worth living for, have the deepest and most heartfelt sympathies of the entire community.

Duntley—At the residence of her father, John Duntley, in Keating township, July 3d, Gerty Duntley, in the fifteenth year of her age.

Big bargains in baby push sleds at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Plays and Play People.

Something out of the ordinary line of entertainment was presented matinee and evening, at Memorial, in Gordon and Bennett's Jerusalem. The Holy City, a scriptoral drama, by Clarence Bennett, author of A Royal Slave, recently seen at the same theatre. Not so colossal, nor as spectacular as Ben Hur or the famous Passion Play, The Holy City at the same time is a drama that inspires reverence and there can be no thought of the sacrilegious, because, while the theme is sacred, there is no impersonation of the Man of Galilee, though the presence of the Nazarene within sight of the apostles and other characters of the drama is indicated in the scenes. The story begins with the appearance of John the Baptist, the beheading of him through the machinations of Herodias and the priests and the various incidents leading up to the crucifixion and the rising of the Lord and Master. Incidental to the unfolding of the Bible story is the love of Salome, step-daughter of Herod, for Marius, a Roman, who renounces her to espouse Christianity, and who rejects all her overtures of love with horror after her part in the beheading of John, a strong climax being reached in the last act, when, after Salome in her endeavor to kill Andrew, fatally stabbed Marius, she begs his forgiveness, is forgiven, and after pronouncing a curse on her mother, stabs herself and falls dead across the body of Marius. The drama in the main follows the scriptural story quite closely and many of the speeches are from the testament text. The play is scenically strong, the costuming rich and elaborate and the stage setting in consonance with the dignity and reverential character of the subject, not an untoward or unseemly word, action or incident marring the effect. The cast is worthy of the drama. Clyde B. Calliotte portrays the character of Marius intelligently and forcefully. Orvis Ober, as Salome, impersonated the part very acceptably. Raymond Gilbert was John the Baptist and his action was dignified. Isabelle Winloche, as Elizabeth, mother of John, delivered the fuvective cursing the conspirators and slayers of her son in an awe-inspiring manner, her splendid voice and bearing being one of the best features of the presentation.—Mansfield News. At the Lyceum on Jan. 23rd.

To Our Sportsmen.

As a result of the agitation of the Herald for the protection of our birds and rabbits from the ravages of the predatory animals that are continuously working their destruction, the members of the McKean County Fish and Game Protective Association will immediately take steps toward organizing the sportsmen of the county in a league for the conducting of a campaign of poison against the marauders.

A call will shortly be issued by President Mallory of the Fish and Game Protective Association; for a convention of the sportsmen of the county, possibly at Bradford, for the purpose of outlining plans and inaugurating the work.

There is not a sportsman in the county who, when approached upon the subject, but has expressed approval of the idea, but expressions of approval amount to nothing except they be supported by action. All the talk put forth since the days of Adam would fail of ridding the woods of one fox. We must have work, and at once, so let those who are in favor of this idea come to the fore when the call is issued, that they may be counted and their share of the work allotted.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Continuance of Trains.

A notice from the Passenger Department of the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R. was issued December 20th, to the effect that trains Nos. 8 and 9 would be discontinued between Bolivar and Angelica, begining January 8th, 1905.

It has been decided to continue these trains with but little change in the present scheduled time.

Train No. 8, which leaves Bolivar at 6:45 a. m., will, begining January 16th, leave at 7:05, arriving at Hornellsville at 9:20 a. m., the same time as at present.

Train No. 9, which now leaves Hornellsville at 6:15 p. m., will beginning January 16th, leave at 6:25 p. m. arriving at Bolivar at 8:40 p. m., or twenty minutes earlier than was the present scheduled arriving time.

C. J. Renwick,
General Passenger Agent.

Horses for Sale.

For sale four good business horses weighing from 950 to 1000 pounds; age disposition and prices are right. If you want a horse come and see us.

A. T. PALMER,
B. D. AMES.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 19, 1905.

Do you need any robes, blankets or bells to equip yourself for winter? If so call on Charles Lemmler. He has a line that you can be suited from and the prices are always the lowest for high grade goods.

For Sale.

Desirable lot, 82x115 feet, on Main street, between Dr. Brown's office and J. W. Pickersgill's. Inquire of JOHN BERQUIST, Hazelhurst, Pa.

For Sale.

Good cow that will be fresh in a short time. Inquire of Swan Anderson.

Subscribe for the Miner.

Valmond, Adviser of Kings

By HOWARD FIELDING

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MR. DINSMORE'S voice as it came to me over the telephone indicated a considerable perturbation. If I had not known him so well I might have supposed that something serious, even calamitous, had happened and that he was preserving his self command by a strenuous and commendable effort. I had learned, however, that his voice always had that tone and expression when he was struggling with a certain kind of indecision involving a conflict between the two natures which are so strangely mingled in him. Wet a

WE WERE IN SOLEMN COUNSEL.

sponge with hot and with cold water and note how queerly the two will hold themselves apart and ruy out separately when the sponge is squeezed, the hot water scalding your fingers, while the cold seems unnaturally icy by comparison. That is the way with Mr. Dinsmore's honest, fearless rectitude and his embarrassed timidity. They never strike an average in his character. They hold aloof from each other.

"Have you been to dinner?" he asked. And then without waiting for my reply: "Come down to my house. There's a little matter I want to talk over with you. I want to ask your advice."

I am under obligations to Mr. Dinsmore, who is many years my senior, and, besides, I like and admire him very much. But there is a charming girl who had been abroad with her mother and had just returned, and I was intending to call—

"Of course," continued Mr. Dinsmore, "if you have an engagement this evening— How soon can you be here?" The last words were spoken somewhat impatiently, but with an impersonal impatience, as if the telephone had been behaving badly.

"Right away," I replied, not very heartily.

"Good!" said he. And I heard him hang up the receiver hastily for fear that I might change my mind and suggest delay.

Mr. Dinsmore regards me as one of the best of his advisers and often appeals to me upon topics of such direct and immediate importance that I am almost scared into expressing an opinion. But that would be a great mistake. My counsel is of value to Mr. Dinsmore because I so rarely say anything at all. What he needs is a listener; he can do almost as well by addressing a chair on the opposite side of his library table. He knows this and has sometimes hinted at it to me; yet there is, after all, an advantage in talking against the resistance of another mind, though it may be passive and unexpressed. I am a sort of mental exercising machine for Mr. Dinsmore—an intellectual pulley weight or a moral dumbbell if the question is one of conscience.

He was waiting in the hall when I arrived, and he took me at once to the library. The box containing the cigars which I like so much was open on the table. A servant, long trained in the household, gave me a light before I could adjust my lungs for a perfect inhalation and then vanished.

I settled myself comfortably in my accustomed place and looked across at Mr. Dinsmore.

"Here is something that will interest your skeptical mind," said Mr. Dinsmore. "I am going to tell you about a supernatural occurrence." And he smiled with enjoyment at the word which his intellect long since repudiated and his weaker part still cherishes. "Did you ever hear of a man named Valmond?"

I shook my head.

"He calls himself Valmond, the adviser of kings. He is an advertising clairvoyant."

"That accounts for my not having met him," said I.

"I have had that pleasure," responded Mr. Dinsmore. "I met him this afternoon. He is an honest man."

I exhaled a cloud of smoke and watched it float toward the ceiling.

"Your dissent does not surprise me," Mr. Dinsmore responded to the remark which I had not made. "But I shall be glad if you are able to explain the facts. About a week ago my sister-in-law was dragged into the presence of the great Valmond by a friend of hers, and she did not regret the experience. In fact, she was so enthusiastic about it that she persuaded my wife to go with her next day, and the adviser of kings told her so many things which she already knew, of course, that she felt greatly enlightened by the remarkable interview and paid him a dollar very gladly. Mrs. Dinsmore is a skeptic, as you know—quite as unreasonable a disbeliever as you are yourself, but she has a woman's delight in mysteries."

I slightly elevated my left eyebrow.

"I withdraw the word 'unreasonable,'" said Mr. Dinsmore. "But let me proceed, for I haven't much time. There is something I must do, and speedily—that is, if you approve the decision at which I have arrived."

At this I assigned an expression of judicial impartiality, awaiting the evidence.

"There's been some trouble at my office," he resumed. "We've been losing a little money, and we haven't been able to account for it. I had begun to suspect Cole, our cashier, though he was the man who discovered and reported the loss."

I anxiously scrutinized my friend's countenance. It could not be that so sane a person meditated the awful absurdity of accusing an old and tried employee upon the word of an 'adviser of kings' who advertised in the papers. No, no; not Burton Dinsmore. He might discuss it, but he would never do it. Quite relieved in mind, I returned to the enjoyment of good tobacco.

"This afternoon while I was alone in my room downtown," he continued, "certain matters in connection with these thefts, which are small, but annoying, came clearly into my mind and strongly re-enforced my suspicions in regard to Cole. As a result of my meditations upon the subject I wrote a letter to my very agreeable acquaintance, Captain Crosby, chief of the city's detective bureau, and asked him to send to me tomorrow morning very much upon the quiet an able officer of his staff who once assisted me in a similar affair. I sealed this letter, stamped and addressed the envelope and put on my hat, intending to go to the mail box on the corner. But when I reached the outer door I found that it was raining and that the pavement was wet.

"Just then one of our boys came back from an errand. I put the letter into his hand, address downward, and I said: 'You are not to look at that address. Mail the letter in the box on the corner.' I stood and watched him while he did this errand, and he did not deviate from my instructions. Then I returned to my office, put on my overcoat and rubbers, provided myself with an umbrella and took a car for home.

"On the way uptown I happened to think of Valmond, adviser of kings, and the upshot of it was that I decided to call upon him out of curiosity. I could not remember his address, but upon leaving the car I bought a paper and found his advertisement. The rain had stopped. It was not a long walk, and so I went to see the seventh son of a seventh son.

"He has a decent sort of parlor in an apartment house, but he has furnished the place in a foolish fashion with mystic stuff of the cheapest character.

"He came in after I'd waited about half a minute, and I could have laughed at the sight of him. My wife and my sister-in-law had described him as a very mysterious person, awesomely impressive. As a matter of fact he is everything else. I'll tell you the sort of man he is. He's like one of those honest, conscientious artisans that you'll see sometimes and delight in seeing—a blond with the mildest blue eyes. We had a carpenter fixing some partitions at the office yesterday, and he was the same sort of man except that Valmond is a higher type, with more room here." And Mr. Dinsmore touched his own dome of thought modestly, but with respect.

"Well, sir," he continued, "we had an interesting time. He refused at first to give me a seance; said the police were persecuting him and that he didn't know what might happen. Finally I persuaded him that I was no emissary of the police, and he consented to give me a sample of the advice which kings have heard with profit. And, by the way, I believe him to be perfectly sincere in his conviction that his letters of advice to exalted personages have helped to shape the destiny of nations. A mild enthusiast, not quite right in his mind, you'll say, and yet no criminal. No, sir; that man's life and thought have been far afield from any paths of crime.

"He told me some conventional things about my life such as any one might guess—that I had been a student of books and not unfamiliar with the pen, though trained to business ways and fairly successful in the scramble for money.

"'You have been worried about a little matter connected with your business,' said he. And then he proceeded in the simplest and most natural manner, without a trace of mystery or hocus pocus, to tell me the precise facts about our loss of money and my suspicions about Cole.

"'You were mistaken about Cole,' said he, 'but it's no great harm. Your letter was unnecessary; that's all.'

"'My letter?' said I.

"'Yes,' he answered gently. And he proceeded to repeat it word for word! What do you think of that?"

I told Mr. Dinsmore, with perfect honesty that I did not know what to think of it. If he had put his letter anywhere else but into one of Uncle Sam's mail boxes I might have suspected some form of trickery. It was absurd, however, to suppose that this affair involved a robbery of the mails. And every theory of the case encountered one big, solid obstacle. How could anybody have known that Mr. Dinsmore was going to see Valmond? He hadn't decided to do so until he had boarded the car. His letter was then in the custody of Uncle Sam and had so remained until long after the interview with Valmond had ended.

"Valmond is almost a stranger in New York," said Mr. Dinsmore. "He's been here only a few weeks. He has no friends. He is in trouble"—

"In trouble?"

"He was arrested about an hour after I left him. The evening extras have the news. Now, what ought I to do?"

I emitted smoke, but no words.

"This man," said Dinsmore, as if answering an argument of mine, "has done me a service. He has relieved my mind about Cole. There's nothing supernatural about it. He simply has a certain power that is within the scope of natural law just as a hound's sense of smell is. But this is no time for philosophy. Put on your hat and coat and come over to the station with me. I'm going to bail this man out."

He did not move except to put up his hand to his forehead, which was wet with perspiration.

"Of course the newspapers will get hold of this," said he. "They'll ridicule me; but, by George, it's my duty, and I'm going!"

Still he did not move. And I smoked. Suddenly a light came into his eyes.

"If I should go down to headquarters," said he, "perhaps Captain Crosby could fix the thing for me and keep my name out of it. But if you think that I do that because I'm afraid to 'come right out'"—

"Certainly not," said I.

"It's a good idea," he exclaimed. "I owe it to you, and I'm obliged. Take another cigar."

We went down to headquarters and were gratified to learn that Captain Crosby was present. The detective chief came forward with a cordial manner, and just as he clasped hands with Mr. Dinsmore I saw my friend start. His eyes had lighted upon a blond, blue eyed man sitting in a corner and looking very melancholy.

"So you've brought Valmond down here," said Mr. Dinsmore in a low voice.

Crosby stared and then threw back his head and laughed.

"That's Sergeant Moore," said he. "He's a friend of your man Cole. When Cole found that you suspected him of robbing you he appealed to Moore, who came to me about it, and I told him to go ahead. So he put on a carpenter's rig and went down to your shop and kept his eyes open."

"Pretty soon he began to suspect one of your boys, and this afternoon he made it a sure thing. You gave a letter to this boy to mail, a letter addressed to me. The boy pretended to mail it, but mailed an old envelope instead. He'd seen the address, and it had scared him. So he came back to the office and read your letter and tore it up. Moore got the pieces and patched them together in half a minute. Then he went out and telephoned to me. I told him to consider the case closed down to your place and that I'd put a shadow on to the boy. Meanwhile I'd be obliged if Sergeant Moore would go uptown and arrest a very

"SO YOU'VE BROUGHT VALMOND DOWN HERE."

open fake who called himself Valmond, the adviser of kings. Moore went up there and met you and decided to tell your fortune in order to escape telling you who he was. Afraid you might do something indiscreet. Is that clear?"

Mr. Dinsmore turned to me with a look of pitiful embarrassment.

"And I said his life and thought had lain afar from crime," said he. "Don't say anything about this foolishness to anybody."

Presence of Mind.

On one occasion a great public dinner was given to Isaac Hull by the town of Boston, and he was asked to sit for his picture to Gilbert Stuart, the celebrated artist, who was a great braggart. When Hull visited his studio Stuart, according to the Indianapolis News, took great delight in entertaining him with anecdotes of his English success, stories of the Marquis of This and the Baroness of That, which showed how elegant was the society to which he had been accustomed. Unfortunately in the midst of this grandeur Mrs. Stuart, who did not know that there was a sitter, came in with apron on and her head tied up with some handkerchiefs from the kitchen and cried out, "Do you mean to have that leg of mutton boiled or roasted?" to which Stuart replied, with great presence of mind, "Ask your mistress."

The Baboon's Nine Lives.

When baboons once take to a mealie field they will not leave it till they have eaten every cob. When they depart every evening for home they have filled their stomachs, their cheek pouches and their arms! You cannot poison these pests, for fifteen grains of pure strychnine in a banana has failed to kill one. Only shooting with a rifle will do, and no human army was ever cleverer in setting sentries. Even at nighttime a large force of hunters has often been defied in its attempts to surround the rocky stronghold of Cynocephalus porcarius. Even dogs sent against the baboons fall before creatures which have hands with which to seize their enemies before biting them. Let the stay at home farmer congratulate himself on possessing merely rooks, pigeons, rats and sparrows!—Country Gentleman.

He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace.—Ruskin.

THE LOST PARADISE

THEORIES AS TO THE LOCATION OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

The Consensus of Learned Opinion Supports the Belief That Adam and Eve's Original Home Was on the Great Babylonian Plain.

Almost every spot of the globe has had the claim made on its behalf that it is the site of vanished Eden. Most persons seem agreed on the fact that paradise has disappeared from our midst. The question is, Where was it situated? To those who deny the Biblical story of man's genesis the question takes another form, and they perplex themselves as to the spot in which man first appeared on this earth. Some evade the difficulty by saying that man appeared in many different spots—that he did not spring from one original.

If we accept the doctrine of the Darwinians we are forced to confess that the place where man first evolved must have been anything but a garden of Eden. It must have been a haunt of mere animalism, and its food would certainly not have been fruit. Roughly speaking, therefore, there are two schools—those who believe that man came from a divine original, but fell away from his first estate, to which with infinite labor he may return, and those who believe that he evolved from the beast and is still evolving to the greatness that he may ultimately attain. Setting aside these somewhat discordant theories, we may well ask, Where was Eden?

The soundest scientists are agreed that mankind came from a single origin—whether a distinct creation or an evolution is beside the mark—and the original man must have had a local habitation. The geographical printouts and maps of the middle ages leave a good deal to be desired in the matter of accurate detail, but they have at least the merit of boldness, and if we go to them for an answer to our question we may get something like a definite reply. According to an old map of the thirteenth century, paradise is a circular island lying near India. It is surrounded by a wall in which is a gateway—opening to the west. The gate is closed, and the wall quite insurmountable. Our later atlases do not locate this happy island.

Other early maps would have us believe that Eden lay in central China. We can go with these ancient geographers so far as to place the probable site of man's birthplace in Asia, but the consensus of learned opinion does not incline either to India or China. Eminent authority supports the idea that Eden lay somewhere on the great Babylonian plain, watered by the Tigris and the Euphrates—the Perath and Hiddekel of Genesis. Other authorities give their vote for Armenia, possibly influenced by the tradition which says that the Ark rested on Mount Ararat, but this tradition would only point to Armenia as the probable first home of postdiluvian man.

Professor Delitzsch and Professor Sayce favor Babylon; Heidegger favors Palestine; Media, Arabia and the upper Nile have all their supporters. Quatrefages, treating the subject solely from a scientific standpoint, concludes that linguistic and other human types point to central Asia, but does not decide on any precise locality.

With the author of Genesis, as Dr. Kalisch has remarked, "Eden is geographically described in a manner which leaves no doubt that distinct locality was before the mind of the author." Even to those who think that this author was building on uncertain traditions it must yet be of interest to know what this locality was. Babylon was the most fertile land known to the ancient world; its poorest fields repaid cultivation fiftyfold, its better a hundredfold. Its luxuriance of fruit and grain was so great as to be actually embarrassing. There is no question at all that this district was the seat of Asia's earliest civilization and therefore why not say of the world's?

The idea of man created perfect and living in a garden of fruitful loveliness has always had a fascination for poor humanity, recognizing its present imperfections and the frequent distressing disharmony of its present surroundings. Even those who knew nothing of the Bible story pictured such a spot for themselves. Every early mythology has its fortunate isles, its Atlantis, its Hesperides, its Arcadia and its Golden Age.

Some persons even conjectured that paradise had not been on the earth at all, but was an island floating in the air, something like the island visited by Gulliver. They did not wish to think that the sacred spot could be submerged by the waters of the deluge, and by this device they raised it above any such calamity. On this island dwelt the sacred phenix, the well of life flowed there, the elixir of immortality; leaves never fell from the trees; the sun shone always on a perpetual summer. Men declined to believe that Eden had been destroyed forever. They preferred to imagine that its gates were closed to them for a season. To deem that such a spot could vanish seemed sacrilegious.

Many an early voyager and explorer had strange dreams of discovering some earthly paradise when he set out for unknown shores—dreams perhaps not spoken, but secretly nourished and strengthened by unconquerable force of romantic superstition that lived in the heart of ages in other ways so dark. Even the Elizabethans dreamed always of some more wonderful country to be discovered. Their toils and perils and fightings had ever the redeeming glamour of romance. In those days was the true poetry of travel. There was always some El Dorado, some hidden Eden, to be reached.—Kansas City Independent.

The Reason For It.

She—No, Mrs. Gayley is not popular. The moment she entered the room where the sewing circle was assembled there was a painful silence everywhere. He—I see. A silence is as particularly painful to women that the person responsible for such a condition must of necessity be unpopular.

A LEPAGE PICTURE.

The Work That Brought the Artist Public Recognition.

The label on a certain spring water still in use was designated by Du Maurier, who was probably not overpaid for it, and a New York artist who has since gained distinction eked out the hardest part of his early struggles by designing advertisements for a commercial house. There have been many more perhaps, but the most conspicuous on record is Bastien-Lepage, who through this very fact was forced into fame. He was pursued by unmerciful disaster through his youth in his efforts to study art. His mother worked in the fields to keep a sickly boy at school. At fifteen he went alone to Paris, starved for seven years, painted without success, but still—painted. He had just finished a picture to send to the Salon when Paris was besieged, and he rushed with his comrades to the trenches.

On the first day a shell fell into his studio and destroyed his picture, and another shell burst at his feet, wounding him. He was carried home and lay ill and idle for two years. Then he returned to Paris and, reduced to absolute want, painted cheap fans for a living.

One day a manufacturer of some patent medicine ordered a picture from him to illustrate its virtues. Lepage, who was always sincere, gave his best work to this advertisement. He painted a landscape in the April sunlight. The leaves of tender green quivered in the breeze. A group of beautiful young girls gathered around a fountain from which the elixir of youth sprang in a bubbling stream. Lepage believed there was real merit in it.

"Let me offer it at the Salon?" he asked his patron.

The manufacturer was delighted. "But first paint a rainbow arching over the fountain," he said, "with the name of my medicine upon it."

Lepage refused.

"Then I will not pay you a sou for the picture."

The price of this picture meant bread for months, and the painter had long needed bread. The chance of admission to the salon was small. He hesitated. Then he silenced his hunger and carried the canvas to the salon. It was admitted.

Its great success insured Lepage public recognition, and his later work gained him a place among the greatest of living artists.

PROVERBS OF MEXICO.

The noise is more than the powder—the Mexican way of saying it is "hot air."

When it rains, we all get wet—the Mexican way of saying, "Misfortunes never come singly."

The devil is not astute because he is the devil, but because he is old—used to express the value of experience.

When bread is cut, crumbs are left, expressing the fact that we all have a share in our neighbors' good fortune.

After the child is drowned, cover up the well—the Mexican way of saying, "After the horse is stolen, lock the stable."

It is better to go around than to fall down, expressing the fact that it is often better to avoid a difficulty than to try to overcome it.—Chicago Journal.

Would Make Sure About the Soap.

A little boy who had been blowing bubbles all the morning, tiring of play and suddenly growing serious, said, "Read me that thory about heaven; it ith tho gloriouth."

"I will," said the mother, "but first tell me, did you take the soap out of the water?"

"Oh, yes; I'm pretty thure I did."

The mother read the description of the beautiful city, the streets of gold, the gates of pearl. He listened with delight, but when she came to the words, "No one can enter there who loveth or maketh a lie," bounding up he said:

"I gueth I'll go and thee about that thoap!"—New York Observer.

Entangled In a Live Wire.

If a person is tangled in a live electric wire and you want to extricate him therefrom do not take hold of the victim's hands, as is often done in a case of this kind. You will be shocked if you do. Be sure to grab the clothes alone, and then you are safe, and the current cannot reach you. Do not let anything come in contact with your bare hands but his coat and trousers. Of course if you have thick leather gloves on you can handle with impunity the individual in distress.

Appropriate Ending.

The thoughtful little boy with the high forehead tied an oblong receptacle made of tin to the dog's tail and watched the animal go tearing down the alley.

"For a Scotch collie," the boy explained to the bystanders, "I thought he wasn't quite as canny as he ought to be."—Chicago Tribune.

Softening It.

Boothlet—What do you mean by saying I'm the worst actor you ever saw? Coolly—Well, I've no doubt it did seem rather harsh; but, then, you know, there are so many actors I have never seen!—Boston Transcript.

Irritating Iteration.

"I don't see why you call him stupid. He says a clever thing quite often."

"Exactly. He doesn't seem to realize that it should be said only once."—Philadelphia Press.

For the Serious Moment.

"I hear he refused to take chloroform when he was operated on."

"Yes; he said he'd rather take it when he paid his bill."

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.

BROMO-PEPSIN

"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."

CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.

All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

RHEUMATISM CURED.

A Pennsylvania Man has no more use for Canes.

Mr. O. D. Culver, of Silvara, Pa., writes: "I am 75 years of age. For 25 years I suffered from a lame back and rheumatism. Last summer (in 1903) it settled in the muscles of my limbs, so I had to use two canes to get up or down, or to walk a step. I have doctored all the time, but to no avail. I began the faithful use of Cal-cura Solvent, Dr. David Kennedy's new medicine, and the results are wonderful. I have no backache now, and I feel first class. I can't praise Cal-cura Solvent, Dr. Kennedy's new medicine, too much." All druggists, $1.00.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

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CAPITAL $200,000.00
SURPLUS $45 000.00

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First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House

SMETHPORT, PA.

ACME MILL,

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MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY Smethport, Pa.

Spring and Summer Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS

In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

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Rail Road Men

In all departments of active service stand in need of the readiness of mind and promptness of action which depend on a healthy nervous system. Let a railroad man be "rattled," and every life depending on him is in danger. A great many railroad men have found in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery a valuable tonic for the overstrained nervous system. It builds up the body, purifies the blood, nourishes the nerves, and induces a healthy appetite and refreshing sleep.

"I suffered for six years with constipation and indigestion, during which time I employed several physicians, but they could not reach my case," writes Mr. G. Popplewell, of Eureka Springs, Carroll Co., Ark. "I felt that there was no help for me; could not retain food on my stomach; had vertigo and would fall helpless to the floor. Two years ago I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Little Pellets, and improved from the start. After taking twelve bottles of the Discovery I was able to do light work, and have been improving ever since."

Send 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing and get Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser in paper covers, free. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is as ever headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estalishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

THE BIG STORE.

THE UNIVERSAL BREAD MAKER

Mixes and Kneads Bread thoroughly in 3 Minutes.

Hands do not touch the dough.

Does away with hand Kneading and Makes Better Bread.

SIMPLE ✦ EASY ✦ SANITARY

SOLD BY

J. C. HAMLIN.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 12, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—The Garnet Jewel heater is advertised by Holmes & Gilfillan this week.

—St. Elizabeth's Aid Society is being entertained by Mrs. J. G. Todd this afternoon.

—Tom Harrington has severed his connection with the Johnsonburg Breeze and will spend the winter in the south.

—The feed mill of A. P. McConnell on Mechanic street, Bradford, was completely destroyed by fire Tuesday morning.

—The Universal Bread Maker is advertised by J. C. Hamlin this week. It is an article that should be in every household.

—Dr. Fred Elliot of Mt. Jewett has received the appointment of assistant physician of the asylum for insane at Warren.

—H. D. Fleshutz, who has been employed on the Potter Journal for the past twelve years, has accepted a position in the United States government printing office at Washington.

—The great mid-winter clearance sale of The Lindholm Co. continues as will be seen by a new advertisement this week. If you are looking for genuine bargains call at this store this week.

—Marie Di Santis, aged 24 years, was found dead by her husband in her rooms in Buffalo on Monday. Her death is said to the Black Hand society. A few days ago she received a letter from that society demanding $200 under penalty of death.

—It is reported that the Standard Oil Co. has begun drilling operations four or five miles east of St. Marys. With operations going on in and all about St. Marys, it should not take long to give the field a thorough test. The oil that is being found is of good quality and it is to be hoped that there is lots of it.—St. Marys Gazette.

—Miss Clara Lellingwell occupied the pulpit at the Free Methodist church Sunday evening, delivering a forceful address on missionary work. It was a farewell meeting, as next week Miss Lellingwell will depart for China to resume her work in the missionary field, which she left about two years ago owing to failing health. She will remain in the Flowery Kingdom for a period of five years.—Bradford Era.

Berlin a Fairy City.

Berlin is at its best at night. It has discovered the secret of electric lighting, and when people step out from their offices and shops at 8 and 9 o'clock at night it is into an enchanted city. The solid palaces, the monstrous statues, the enormous houses and wide spaces of the long and stately streets are then soft and gracious with a fairy radiance. It is a city not only of prosperity, but of pure delight. The heaviness of the buildings and the rigidity of their lines are blurred and softened. In this clear northern air the million lamps blazing from the walls of houses, shining across the interminable streets and glowing in a straight line down the whispering avenues, have something of the magic gentleness and sensuous inspiration of an Arabian story. You begin to think Berlin is the greatest city in the world.

Mixed Types.

Some years ago the editor of a down east newspaper undertook to compliment an eminent citizen as "a noble old burgher, proudly loving his native state," but the neatly turned compliment came from the compositor's hands "a nobby old burglar, prowling round in a naked state." This was as perverse and shocking as the blunder in the message Ernest Renan had occasion to telegraph across the English channel on the subject of a proposed lecture by him in Westminster abbey. The subject as written by him was "The Influence of Rome on the Formation of Christianity." It was announced in England as "The Influence of Rum on the Digestion of Humanity!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Dancing Birds.

Sailors visiting the island of Laysan, in the Hawaiian group, are greatly amused by the curious antics of the Laysan albatross, or gony. These birds sometimes perform in pairs a kind of dance, or, as the sailors call it, "cakewalk." Two albatrosses approach each other, nodding and making profound bows, cross their bills, produce snapping and grouning sounds, rise on their toes, puff out their breasts and finally part with more nodding and bowing, only to come together again and repeat the performance. Occasionally three engage at once in this singular amusement.

The Preacher's Closing Word.

The members of the Rev. Dr. Fourthly's congregation settled themselves resignedly in their seats.

He had just said, "One word more, and I have done."

The doctor looked keenly at them over his glasses for a moment.

Then he closed the book in front of him.

"Amen!" he said.—Chicago Tribune.

Blucher and His Pipe.

Cromwell's Ironsides were smokers, and large numbers of pipes have been dug up from the sites of William III.'s camps. The wars of the eighteenth century found tobacco esteemed in all armies, and Wellington was the only general who objected to it. Even he was moved to admiration by the unconscious heroism of Blucher's pipe servant at Waterloo. Everywhere he went Blucher was attended by Christian Henneman, a hussar, carrying clay pipes and tobacco for the general's refreshment. As his share of the fight began at Waterloo, Blucher sat his charger gravely puffing away. He had reached out his hand to take a refilled pipe when a cannon ball plowed up the ground before him. He exclaimed: "Get a fresh pipe for me! I'm going to drive those rascally Frenchmen back!" It was evening before he returned, riding with Wellington over the stricken field. Where he had left him Blucher found Henneman, wounded and bleeding, but with the pipe ready according to orders. "You have been adjuring my highlanders," said Wellington, "but what shall I say of this brave man?" "Well, your highlanders had no tobacco to inspire them," replied Blucher.—London Standard.

The Moon's Mission.

Some partisans of final causes have imagined that the moon was given to the earth to afford it light during the night, but in this case nature would not have attained the end proposed, since we are often deprived at the same time of the light of both sun and moon. To have accomplished this end it would have been sufficient to have placed the moon at first in opposition to the sun and in the plane of the elliptic at a distance from the earth equal to the one hundredth part of the distance of the earth from the sun and to have impressed on the earth and moon parallel velocities proportional to their distances from the sun. In this case the moon, being constantly in opposition to the sun, would have described round it an ellipse similar to that of the earth. These two bodies would then constantly succeed each other, and, as at this distance the moon could not be eclipsed, its light would always replace that of the sun.—Laplace.

The Depraved Camel.

"Any ordinary horse on the street might well feel insulted at being named in the same class as a domestic animal with that long legged impassive vehicle, the camel," writes a traveler. "Fidelity in a camel does not exist. An artist might as well depict a devoted crocodile fondling a lost child as a faithful dromedary standing over the corpse of its fallen master. Rudyard Kipling touched the core of the matter when he avowed that a man might as reasonably lavish his affection on a baggage wagon. In short, the camel is an unredeemed boor, more brutish than a mule, less sensible of endearment than even of extremes of temperature and weather. Its virtues are of the body, its great endurance compensating for a mental and moral depravity that must be labeled nothing short of amazing."

Trout That Are Not Trout.

Dr. Theodore Gill of the Smithsonian institution in calling attention to the misnaming of our native fish by early settlers instanced among others the trout. The pilgrims, finding in New England streams a fish that reminded them of the trout of England, gave it the same name, although Izaak Walton would have told them that it was not a trout, but a char. In Maine landlocked salmon and in certain lakes another salmonid fish were also called trout. In the south the name trout was given to black bass. In California a peculiar fish was named trout, apparently for no other reason than its possession of spots. The Gila river trout is not a trout at all.

Conspirators.

It will surprise many to know that Washington Irving was a confessed orchard thief. Once, while picking up an apple in his own orchard he was accosted by an urchin of the neighborhood, who, not recognizing him as the proprietor, offered to show him a tree where he could get some better apples than those.

"But," said the boy, "we must not let the old man see us."

"I went with him," said Irving, "and we stole about a dozen or two of my own apples and then went shares."

Thank You.

"Thanks" is a miserable expression commonly used by persons who have not had the advantages of good breeding. Every favor received and civility shown deserves to be recognized, and the smallest acknowledgment the recipient can make is to say or write, "Thank you." The vulgarity of "Thanks" is on a par with the postal card correspondence.

Mistakes.

When you make a mistake, don't look back at it long. Take the reason of the thing into your own mind and then look forward. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom. The past cannot be changed. The future is yet in your power.—Hugh White.

Kind Words.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain, while witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping from a broken string.—Prentice.

A Forecast.

She—Dearest, we'll have a lot to contend with when we are married. He (absently)—Yes; we'll have each other.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

He alone has energy who cannot be deprived of it.—Lavater.

I have money to loan on real estate no matter where located, at 4½ and 5 per cent. interest. There is no reason for paying a larger interest than this. If you have real estate that will warrant a loan, write to me about it. All correspondence strictly confidential.

F. Armington Peavey,
Mortgage Broker,
1060 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

As the Guide Understood It.

A party of hunters in the wilds of North Carolina, wishing to cross the lake upon the banks of which they were encamped, made the necessary preparations. Then they asked the guide if he could row.

"Ro'?" he queried in answer. "Ro'! No, I reck'n not. Reck'n I never tried it."

Under these circumstances the party made arrangements to do the rowing themselves, and were consequently astonished when the guide, stepping into the boat, seated himself at the oars and prepared to be the motive power.

"Why," exclaimed one of the party, "I thought you said you couldn't row?"

The guide was plainly puzzled and could be heard to repeat to himself several times "Ro'! Ro'!"

"I reck'n'd you all meant ro' like a lion. I can't do that. But pull an o', why, I've done that all my life. I shorely can pull an o'."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Three Kinds of Men.

Here is a classification of men expounded by a spinster in an article, "The Truth About Man." "Men as a whole," she says, "may be roughly divided into three distinct species—the bold, the shy and the tough." The first class includes "those self assured males" who fall in and out of love with every other woman they meet; the second class is made up of "the world's good fellows who have a great reverence for all women and silently adore one for life without telling her so," and the third species "is concerned only with getting on and making money; is absolutely indifferent to women and marries only as a matter of expediency. The first of these we unhesitatingly condemn and find irresistible; the second we admire profoundly, praise without stint and ignore utterly; the third we dislike, despise and—marry."

Thackeray's "Strike" For a "Raise."

I hereby give notice that I shall strike for wages (he wrote to the proprietors of Fraser's Magazine). You pay more to others, I find, than to me, and so I intend to make some fresh conditions about Yellowplush. I shall write no more of that gentleman's remarks except at the rate of 12 guineas a sheet, and with a drawing for such number in which his story appears—the drawing 2 guineas. Pray do not be angry at this decision on my part. It is simply a bargain which it is my duty to make. Bad as he is, Mr. Yellowplush is the most popular contributor to your magazine and ought to be paid accordingly. If he does not deserve more than the mouthly nurse or the Blue Friars I am a Dutchman.—James Grant Wilson's "Thackeray."

Trouble With the Napery.

"Linen kings" can make trouble easily for the housewife with their three jointed miscroscopes for determining the number of threads to the inch in any article of table linen. One visited a friend the other night and after dinner exhibited a handkerchief worth at wholesale $1.50 apiece. It was very beautiful under the microscope. The hostess then looked upon a napkin and afterward upon a tablecloth. Now, she thought up to that moment her napery was the finest in the block, and the revelation of the wide meshes caused the most bitter disappointment. Ever since her misery has been complete. When "linen kings" go out socially they had better leave their microscopes at home.—New York Press.

Java's Boiling Lake of Mud.

One of the greatest natural wonders in Java, "the fire island," a large lake of boiling mud, is situated almost in the center of the plains of Grobogana, fifty "poals" to the northeast of Solo. It is almost two miles in circumference, and in the center immense columns of soft, hot mud may be seen continually rising and falling like great black timbers thrust forth and then suddenly withdrawn by a giant's hands. Besides the phenomenon of the columns there are two gigantic bubbles near the western edge which fill up like huge balloons and explode on an average three times per minute.

Killed by Imagination.

A workman on the Siberian railway was accidentally locked into a refrigerator car and was afterward found dead. Imagining that he was being slowly frozen to death, he had recorded his sufferings with a piece of chalk on the floor. The refrigerating apparatus, however, was out of order, and the temperature in the car had not fallen below 50 degrees F. throughout the journey.

The Better Way.

"Positively the worst struggle I ever had in the water," said a young man who had been at sea, "was one night trying to save a man with a wooden leg." "Man," said an old Scotchman who was quietly listening, "if ye had got a bit of rope ye could hae saved the man quicker wi' it than ye could dae wi' ten widden legs."

Gave the Ocean Its Name.

"And is that the ocean out there?" asked the visitor from the interior who had just arrived at Atlantic City.

"Yes, the Atlantic ocean," replied the native proudly; "named after our city, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

She Can, That's a Fact.

Boyce—Why does a woman give so much attention to dress? Is it because she wants to attract men or because she desires to outshine her sister women? Mrs. Boyce—Can't a woman do two things at once?—Smart Set.

Distinction In Terms.

Binks—Skinnem tells me he is going into Catchem's law office as a partner. Jinks—Doesn't he mean as an accomplice?—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

NELSON & BEARIKLE

The New Livery and Sales Stable.

Connected with St. Elmo Hotel, Fraley St., Kane, Pa.

First-class accommodations for the care of horses and vehicles. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Tea Houses In Japan.

In Japan nourishment is to be obtained by the traveler chiefly at the picturesque and omnipresent tea houses scattered all over Japan. When tourists stop at one of these places the "runners," who carry the jinrikishas, bathe their own feet and wash their mouths with cold water, after which they are served with their meals on the benches outside the tea houses. Their meal, which they eat with avidity, consists of salt fish, rice, pickles and a soup made of almost everything odious. After they have eaten they will smoke tiny pipes, with only three whiffs for each filling. Next comes the delicious nectar, world famed, and of this "cup which cheers, but not inebriates," foreigners also are always glad to partake. It is tea (cha) and when brewed by the Japanese is perfection. A pretty tea house girl presents it on a lacquer tray, bringing with it a china or bamboo charcoal holder and ash pot.—What to Eat.

The Story of a Famous Phrase.

All the world knows the remark of the governor of North Carolina to the governor of South Carolina, "It's a long time between drinks." The true history of this famous anecdote was told by a South Carolinian. It appears that the phrase was first heard at a political dinner when the governors of both North and South Carolina were present. The first governor had delivered a fiery political speech. The situation was intense when the turn came for the governor of South Carolina to speak. It seemed that any word the governor might say would complicate the situation. Even should he keep silent his opinion would seem clear. It was at this critical moment that the governor of the other Carolina rose and, inspired by a stroke of genius, remarked, "It's a long time between drinks." The absolutely noncommittal remark saved the situation.

When He Might Call.

"I should like to know when you are going to pay that bill. I can't come here every day in the week."

"What day would suit you best?"

"Saturday."

"Very well, then, you can call every Saturday."—Petit Parisien.

The Pleasant Smile.

It is a grand gift to be able to smile as the pleasant man or woman smiles. It is not the stereotyped "duty smile" of society; it is not the patronizing smile of careless tolerance nor the painful smile of bored politeness.

The Last Recourse.

"No work," said the man gloomily, "and not a thing in the house to eat. What shall we do?"

"There is nothing for us to do," replied his wife, "but to take in boarders."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The brightest blaze of intelligence is of incalculably less value than the smallest spark of charity.—Nevins.

DOUBLY JOYFUL

holidays are in store for those who accept our services First because our

Plumbing

is the kind that stays good for a long time. Second because we do it quickly and get away. Third because our bill means a substantial saving over the usual charges for such work. Any plumbing to do?

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBINSLO K. Smethport.

C. A. BURDICK

—DEALER IN—

Pianos, Organs and Musical Instruments of all kinds, Wheeler & Wilson Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing old and reliable Fire, Life, Accident and Sickness Insurance Companies.

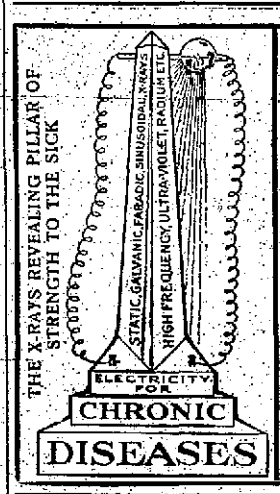
C. A. BURDICK

Main St. Smethport, Pa.

Notice of Administration.

In the Estate of Maurice A. Hall, deceased. Letters of administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills upon the estate of Maurice A. Hall, late of Smethport, County of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to Nellie Irene Hall, residing in Smethport, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, to whom all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay.

NELLIE IRENE HALL,
P. O. Smethport, Pa. Administratrix.
Dated December 28th, 1904.



J. W. KING, M. D.

CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY

BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

SPECIAL FACILITIES for the Treatment of Cancer, Tuberculosis, Lupus, and other ailments rebellious to medical and surgical means. The oldest X-Ray and Electrical Laboratory, for the purpose of diagnosis and treatment of diseases, in Western Pennsylvania.

It Will Cost Only One Cent,

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, : Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's BAKERY IS THE PLACE FOR PIES,

COOKIES, CAKES, BREAD, ETC.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 12, 1905.

Announcement.

FOR SHERIFF.

TO THE EDITOR:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the county primaries.

HURT MCALLISTER.

Bradford, Jan. 2, 1905.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the county primaries.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL.

Smethport, Jan. 1, 1905.

FOR SUPERVISOR.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries.

MICHAEL MILLER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township subject to the usages of the Republican party.

MICHAEL HEINZOO.

EDITOR MINER:—You are authorized to announce that I am a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

N. U. HYDE.

East Smethport, Jan. 9, 1905.

In a public speech recently William J. Bryan praised President Roosevelt and said he should be aided by Democrats in his reform projects.

The Hon. Jerome B. Niles, Judge of the Tioga county courts, is dead. He was aged 70 years and was one of the most prominent men of the Northern Tier.

Now is the time that our citizens should be looking about to see that good candidates be placed on both Democratic and Republican tickets to fill the borough offices. Don't put this important duty off until the last minute or we may have a ticket that is not wholly desirable.

In the proper place in these columns will be found the announcement of N. U. Hyde as a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. Hyde has always been a resident of Keating township and is so well-known to the voters of that township that he hardly needs any introduction. He is known as an honest, faithful and energetic man who would discharge the duties of this office for the best interests of the taxpayers, and his friends are confident of his nomination and election.

An attempt was made on Tuesday to blow up or deface the statue of Frederick The Great, given to the States by Emperor William of Germany and erected in the Arsenal grounds near the Army War College, on the Potomac river water front in the southern part of Washington, D. C. A stranger whose identity is not known drove in a hack to the statue, deposited his "bomb" near it and then hastily drove away. It was not large enough to do any particular damage and there is an opinion that it was only done to create a sensation.

The suggestion made to the legislature by Governor Pennypacker in his recent message for an act making the suppression of newspapers possible for "habitual misrepresentation" sounds pretty well if you say it fast, but at the end of a hot political campaign there is liable to be a shortage of newspapers if their opponents are allowed to judge in such cases. We are all liable to think that those editors, who believe the other party is right, habitually misrepresent facts. With this law in effect how would you like to run a Republican paper in Elk county?

At this session of the Legislature a bill will be presented providing for the publication of the laws of the State as fast as they receive the approval of the Governor, in a sufficient number of newspapers in each county to bring them before the people generally. Under existing conditions comparatively few people know of the new laws or their nature until long after they are laws. This is not justice to the people and should be remedied by the passage of this bill requiring their publication. The laws affect all the people, not merely the lawyers and public officials who can procure published copies. The pamphlet laws have a limited circulation, while the two or three leading newspapers of a county go into the hands of about every citizen who has an interest in affairs, and who ought to have knowledge of the acts of the Legislature which directly concern him and the community in which he lives. There has been much complaint about the enforcement of certain laws, because the people were not fully informed about them. The publication of the laws would do away with these complaints and would be of great benefit to the general public.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., Jan. 7, 1905.

For the first time probably in the history of public charities has the President of the United States interested himself personally and officially in their conduct. This record was made by President Roosevelt yesterday when he attended an important conference at the White House with Speaker Cannon, Senator Allison, Representative McCleary and members of the District Board of Charities and discussed with them the control of the local charities. The system of public charities in the District of Columbia is one of the most efficient in the country but many of its best advisers have considered that it was weakened by the fact that the entire control of all the local charities is not vested in the board of Charities under the direction of the District Commissioners and that purely private charities are subsidized by Congress instead of being paid under contract for such work as is done by them for the District charities proper. The quarrel is of course a local affair but the question of the proper administration of municipal charities is one in which every city is interested and the attention given it by the President indicates that he will be eager to establish a precedent that will be of assistance in the government of charitable institutions and societies throughout the country.

Visitors to the President these days who are inclined to advise him about appointments of themselves or their near friends to positions or offices are apt to receive rather scant attention. The President by his declaration through Mr. Cortelyou that he had no political debts to pay has cleared himself of a pitiless nagging system and he evidently means to enjoy himself to the utmost now that he is relieved of it. He has never had any patience with the oleaginous statesmen who whispered secrets in his ear and his clear and carrying voice was the terror of all who wanted to engage him in private, corner interviews, but now he has even freer range for his candor and he tells his visitors without evasion that he selects his advisors as well as his appointees. A marshall of Eastern Virginia called on him a day or two ago and advised an appointment. Before he had finished his story the President informed him that office holders would not be considered as advisers, nor would they be allowed the distribution of patronage.

When it was announced that Mr. Rockhill would be appointed minister to China and his position as Director of South American Republics thereby would be vacated there was a rush to the President with favorites and candidates for the place. He was very courteous but his answer was unmistakable. He would, he said, appoint to the Directorship a man of his own selection. It is supposed that Chas. M. Pepper, a young newspaper man, whom he has had under scrutiny for three years will get the place to which attaches a salary of $5000 (?), and a social position of considerable prestige.

There is a general shaking up apparent through all the departments in Washington and many an inefficient or supernumerous bureau chief is tremblingly awaiting his fate. A number of these have been the recipients of delicate invitations from the Secretaries that their resignation tendered before a certain time would spare them the humiliation of discharge and many of them are hastening to hand in their papers. These berths, it is said, will be in many cases filled by newspaper men for whom the President has developed respect and confidence. During the campaign and during his incumbency of the office Roosevelt has depended more than any other president on the integrity and judgment of the correspondents detailed to Washington, and has come into closer and more intimate contact with them. The result has been that he has formed a high opinion of the ability of several of them and will endeavor to advance them with the hope of developing men of ability similar to Cortelyou.

In the appointment of ministers to foreign posts it is believed that the President will also exercise his freedom of selection. In fact, in the appointment of a minister to Norway and Sweden the President has quietly given out that he will not take kindly to much pressing of claims. W. W. Thomas of Maine has occupied the position for eight years and is considered an efficient minister, but the opinion is prevalent that Mr. Thomas considers himself an accomplished diplomat and shows it by managing his own appointments. Eight years ago he established headquarters in Washington and remained on the ground, an alert and aggressive campaigner until he got his appointment. It is said he had about an acre of petitions and testimonials, the like of which astonished even such a hardened politician as Speaker Reed. The President when informed of Mr. Thomas' ability in this line has intimated that diplomats returning here to urge their claims will not be warmly received. Minister Thomas therefore is exceedingly uncomfortable in his uncertainty as to reappointment and the more distressing certainty that he will be unable to present his array of testimonials and petitions to the President.

In the general readjustment of affairs after the 4th of March, and just at present the most important topic of conversation in the Capital is of probable appointments, it is not unlikely that the office of Consul General in London now occupied by H Clay Evans will become vacant. This is one of the most lucrative and for social reasons one of the most desirable places on the consular list. Mr. Evans was appointed by Roosevelt but he was a heritage from the McKinley administration, and he was originally given the London post when the veteran soldiers demanded his removal from the head of the Pension Office, Mr. Wynne, who will lose his position as Postmaster General when Mr. Cortelyou takes that place, is prominently mentioned as the successor to Mr. Evans.

2 SHIRTS FOR 75c

If you want THE BEST 50 cent or 75 cent shirt look for this label, "PRINCELY" or "EMPORER." They are made of fine madras and will neither shrink nor fade in washing, and are as good as many $1.00 Shirts.

To reduce an overstock of these shirts you can secure a genuine Shirt Bargain

2 FOR 75c

WE ADVERTISE ONLY FACTS.

WM. MONHEIMER.
SMETHPORT.

Fall and Winter Shoes. . . . .

Our stock of Shoes for the Fall and Winter is complete and we are showing a large stock of the best makes.

When in need of footwear of any description gives us a call.

Shoes for Men
Shoes for Women
Shoes for Children
Shoes for Everybody

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

Christmas and New Year's Greeting to our many friends and customers:

MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR

For enjoying your feasts buy

WALNUTS
MIXED NUTS
NAVEL ORANGES
CANDY

Our stock of fancy groceries was never so complete as now and I solicit a share of your trade.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

RUBBER GOODS
SICK ROOM FURNISHINGS

Prescriptions accurately compounded.

LEATHER GOODS
JEWELRY
CUT GLASS
HAND PAINTED CHINA
STATIONERY
PERFUMES

We carry in stock all the latest

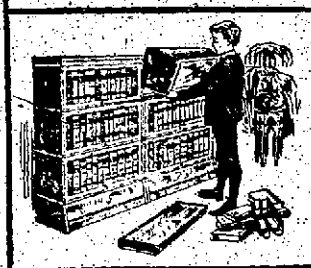
MAGAZINES
AND
PERIODICALS.

Our business is bigger and better this year than ever and we can please you both in quality and price.

Oldest drug store in the county—Established 1865.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE



Globe-Wernicke
"ELASTIC" BOOKCASE
with perfect end-locking device, perfection roller-bearing dust-proof doors. A perfect sectional bookcase for home or office. Call and see it, or send for catalogue.

ENORMOUS REDUCTIONS

During this month we will give Great Reductions on all Ladies' and Children's Coats, Furs, Children's Fur Sets, Ladies' Skirts, Flannel Waists, Infants' Cloaks, Silk, Wool or Bearskin Hoods. In fact, all winter goods must be closed out at a great sacrifice.

All Millinery sold regardless of cost.

Elegant trimmed hats at about one-half regular price.

Now is your chance to prepare for the winter with little money.

NEW IDEA PATTERNS 10c. NEW IDEA MAGAZINES 5c.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN.

H. C. WELLS

THE LEADING PHARMACIST

SMETHPORT PA.

GROCERIES

As you know we have always carried a first-class line of groceries, but perhaps you do not know that we have in our store a fancy stock of groceries, fruits and nuts for the holidays. In this stock you will find all the table delicacies usually found in a large city store.

We also have the best oysters in town and they are always fresh.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

And we say to our many, many friends
A HAPPY, HAPPY NEW YEAR
and here's hoping 1905 may have naught but happiness in store for you.

H. W. RUBIN, METHPORT, PENNA.
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

TAKING AN ACCOUNT OF STOCK AT STORE OF D. C. YOUNG.

To those who are interested in bargains would say, that I have arranged a bargain counter in my store and many things will be sold at cost and even less to close out the stock and make room for new spring goods.

I would particularly mention a lot of felt shoes, slippers, etc. Any one interested will be welcome to look over these goods whether they buy or not, and you will undoubtedly find many things which can be used at greatly reduced prices.

This will only last while the Inventory is going on.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

January 3, 1905.

PLACE YOUR ORDER FOR

Fall and Winter Clothing

with me. Have an up-to-date and complete line to select from and if you are thinking of getting a

SUIT, OVERCOAT OR TROUSERS

made to order it will pay you to call and inspect my line before going elsewhere. Clothes cleaned and pressed promptly. A trial will convince you.

Satistaction Guaranteed.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

It Isn't Too Early

To Think About

Boys' Clothes

Nor to Look at Clothes for Winter.

For the handsome things and novel things are snapped up quick.

The first comer get the choice of the stock.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Fig[illegible] Clothi[illegible] Store

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCE[illegible]

TO BE FOUND IN TO[illegible]

ROCK-BOTTOM PRI[illegible]

THE LAST TWO DAYS OF OUR MID-WINTER

CLEARANCE SALE

Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13th and 14th.

This has been a week of Big Sales here and hundreds of well satisfied customers. Some lines are sold out, but there's plenty of others left to make these days the largest of the week.

LADIES' COATS, SUITS and FURS

at about Half Price.

Hundreds of DRESS GOODS and SILK REMNANTS on our REMNANT COUNTER at a fraction of their former prices.

MEN'S SHOES in Patent Colt, Box Calf and Veloures Calf. All styles and sizes, $1.00 off on each pair.

Dozens of other Bargains that we have not space to mention.

The Lindholm Company

"Real Economy" Gas Ranges.

THE NEW WAY

Why break your back operating "old fashioned" "low-oven" Gas Ranges? "Real Economy" Gas Ranges have "Elevated Oven and Broiler." No stooping nor bending necessary to operate. THINK IT OVER.

The "Real Economy" is the original Elevated Oven Gas Range.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 12, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—E. W. Strong has a new advertisement in this issue.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin on Tuesday, Jan. 10, a girl.

—Mrs. R. E. Burdick entertained the Euchre Club at her home on West Main street yesterday afternoon.

—We are indebted to John J. Fox, the tailor, of Bradford, for one of the handsomest calendars we have seen this year.

—Twenty-one inches of snow fell from Friday morning until Saturday morning. After that time we gave up measuring.

—The Woman's Auxiliary will serve a chicken pie supper at the Parish House on Thursday, Jan. 19, beginning at 5:30 o'clock.

—S. H. Cleveland has moved his family from the Hall house on East Main street into the flat over J. C. Hamlin's hardware store.

—Geo. H. J. Graebner has assumed the management of the Austin Republican and we welcome him into the brotherhood and wish him success.

—Cantata tonight by fifty girls and boys in the M. E. church. All the holidays of the year in costume. The favorite will be crowned. Adults 15 cents. Children 10 cents.

—McCoy's Drug Store has a full line of the Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcases, which are to-day the most popular bookcase for both the home and the library. See advertisement.

—Send your name and address on a postal to The New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free sample copy. After reading it, forward $1.25 to the MINER and we will send both papers for a full year.

—A. W. Nell, aged 41 years, a resident of Ormsby, died at his home in that place on last Monday, death being the result of an illness of Bright's disease of the kidneys. The deceased is survived by a widow and two children.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday (second after the Epiphany) the services will be at 8:00 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The subjects for the day will be, "Transformations," (St. John, 2-11) and "Joyous Disciple" (St. Matt., 2:10.

—The second annual show of the Olean Poultry Association will be held at Olean, N. Y., on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week. This promises to be a very interesting exhibit. Several Smethport poultry fanciers will enter fowls in this show.

—The Republican primaries of Keating township will be held at the usual place in each precinct on Saturday, Jan. 28, at the usual hours, for the nomination of township officers to be voted for at the February election.

—The Normandy C. L. S. C. will be glad to see their friends at the M. E. church Saturday evening, Jan. 14. An illustrated lecture will be given, principally on this year's work. Anyone interested will be welcome.

—More January Bargains is the title of an enlarged advertisement for Fry & Comes in this issue. By reading it you will learn of many rare bargains that it will pay you to take advantage of if you have use for the articles.

—The Democrat came forth last week in a brand new "dress." Editor Lindsley is to be congratulated on this improvement and may his paper continue in the future, as it has in the past, to be bright and newsy is the wish of the MINER.

—"The Value of a Day" is the subject for next Sunday evening at the Methodist church, being a companion topic to the one for the following Sunday evening, "The Ministry of Night." "The Superior Obligations of Christians" is the morning topic.

—Miss Eva W. Mott, who has so acceptably filled the position of postmaster since the death of her father, R. J. Mott, retired from that position Jan. 1st. Her administration of affairs reflects credit on her integrity and ability. She is now enjoying a much needed rest.—Port Allegany Argus.

—Four men were injured in a wreck on the B., R. & P. Ry. near Riverside junction Sunday morning. The flyer crashed into the rear of a freight train, the engineer on the flyer being unable to see the signals of the flagman, who had been sent back to stop the flyer, on account of the heavy storm.

—Latham's Bradford Quadruple Directory is out and we have been presented a copy. It is not only a directory of Bradford but includes a number of the towns adjacent to McKean county's metropolis. Smethport is included in this directory, but so far as this town is concerned it is not strictly up-to-date.

—N. Harry Knapp has resigned his position as editor and manager of the Austin Republican and returned to Smethport where he expects to reside. Mr. Knapp is of the opinion that the life of an editor of a country weekly is not one continual round of pleasure and has decided to try his luck at some other vocation.

—When men join fraternal insurance societies they should state their ages correctly. In Minnesota, recently, a widow lost the amount for which her husband's life had been instred in the Ancient Order of United Workmen. The deceased had made his age to appear as 44 when he was, in reality, 47 years old. The court ordered that the amounts paid in by the man to the association be turned over to the widow, but otherwise she receives nothing from the order. Truth and honesty generally pay in the long run.

—The car shops and round house of the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad were destroyed by fire at St. Marys last night. The loss will reach $25,000, covered by insurance. The cause of fire is unknown.

—According to the Eldred Eagle Smethport is losing its standard as a good show town. Just how we are unable to learn. A first class performance never lacks for good patronage, but if the editor of the Eagle gets his information from the cheap "rep" shows that have been touring this vicinity we will have to say yes, verily.

—Claud Denning is suffering with a severely cut hand. He was going into a doorway and as he slipped he attempted to save himself by catching hold of the window jam. His right hand struck a hook or nail used to support the awning and tore a ragged gash in the fleshy part of the hand which necessitated several stitches and will lay him up for some time.

—W. P. Mulhern, a former Smethport resident, who has held the position of chief clerk of the traffic department of the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad for some time past, has resigned to accept a more lucrative position with another company. His headquarters will be in Buffalo. Mr. Mulhern's many friends in this place will be pleased to learn of his success.

—Judge Bonton has made an order granting Messrs. Milton Craven and W. B. Smith, the Park trustees, the right to divide the land fronting on Birch street into lots of such size and dimensions as to them shall seem expedient, and to sell the said lots, either one or more at a time, at private sale. This will throw onto the market some very desirable building lots.—Kane Republican.

—Some of the Potter county papers are advocating a revival of the old McKean-Potter base ball league which was so popular in 1903. If this is going to be done steps should be taken at once to perfect an organization and come to an understanding as to how such a league will be handled. A league of this kind might be made a success but it will require different regulations from the league of 1903.

—The following officers of McKean Post, No. 347, Dept. of Pennsylvania, were installed by Past Commander Frank Rowlee of Post No. 638, January 5th, 1905: Commander, H. L. Burlingame; S. V. Commander, George Irons; J. V. Commander, A. H. Pierce; Quartermaster, J. Colegrove; Surgeon, G. W. King; Chaplain, J. C. Cunningham; Officer of the Day, S. G. Bush; Officer of the Guard, Simon Martin; Adjutant, H. M. Choate.

—Last week the 17-year-old bride of Sam Velante, who had been married only a week, was abducted from her home in Johnsonburg, while her husband was on a business visit to Pittsburg for a fellow Italian. A letter was found cautioning the husband and his friends not to make any effort to find the whereabouts of the bride under an awful penalty. Velante's furniture was stolen and ruined and he suspects the Black Hand gang of being implicated.

—The Bush hill road must be in a pretty bad condition. Late last Saturday afternoon William O'Reilly and sister, Mrs. O. H. Barker, started for their father's home. When they got nearly to the top of the hill they drove into a blizzard and the road was so badly drifted that they lost their way and got into such drifts that they had to abandon the cutter. After nearly three hours of hard work they succeeded in reaching the home of John McKernan, almost completely exhausted.

—The greatest production of a Bible play ever presented is undoubtedly offered by Gordon & Bennett in their "The Holy City." No other has yet reached the coveted pinnacle of this sumptuously appointed drama. With an acting company of unusual merit, provided apparently without regard to cost, the dramatic spectacle offered is one deserving all the praise that has been given to it. The performance of "The Holy City" is looked forward to with much interest. At the Lyceum, Monday, Jan. 23.

—The records of big houses in six of the western Pennsylvania towns were held by "Miss Bob White," who, jealous of her own excellent showing, beat them by many dollars during their engagement in that vicinity Christmas week. "Miss Bob White" is Spenser's latest, and, incidentally, seems to be his best opera, especially so from a box-office standpoint, and if the present policy of maintaining a first-class presentation is adhered to by Messrs. Nixon & Zimmerman, it will surely outlive "The Little Tycoon," the first of the Spenser successes. At the Lyceum Feb. 24.

Florida.

The first Jacksonville tour of the season via the Pennsylvania Railroad, allowing two weeks in Florida, leaves New York, Philadelphia and Washington by special train January 31. Excursion tickets, including railway transportation, Pullman accommodations (one berth), and meals en route in both directions while traveling on the special train will be sold at the following rates: New York, $50.00; Buffalo, $54.25; Rochester, $54.00; Elmira, $51.45; Erie, $54.85; Williamsport, $50.00; Wilkesbarre, $50.35; and at proportionate rates from other points.

Similar tours will be run February 14 and 28.

For tickets, itineraries, and full information apply to ticket agents, or address Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Personal Mention.

Miss Hattie Ryan of Kane is visiting friends in town.

Miss Adaline Learn of Eldred visited in town this week.

John B. Eastman had business in Bradford yesterday.

Miss Bessie Blake visited her parents in Eldred over Sunday.

E. W. Jones is in Sullivan county, N. Y., this week on business.

John Hilton of Port Allegany had business in town this week.

Garth Rumsey was down from Mt. Jewett on business yesterday.

Miss Tavia Ramer, who has been visiting in Pittsburg, returned home Monday.

Miss McAllister of Bradford is visiting her father, Deputy Sheriff Burt McAllister.

Miss Rose Allen of Mt. Jewett was the guest of Smethport friends over Sunday.

Miss Dilger, who was the guest of Mrs. Bisett, has returned to her home in Bradford.

Miss Lelia Hackett and Miss Rena Anderson of Colegrove visited friends in town Monday.

Mr. George Foreman of Cisco, Texas, is visiting his sister, Mrs. W. H. Knight, and other relatives of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Colegrove were called to Salamanca the latter part of last week by illness of a relative.

Mrs. Wm. Drake of Bradford, who was the guest of friends in town, returned to her home on Monday.

Ed. Studholme of Folsom, W. Va., who has been visiting friends in Canada, stopped off here on his return this week and renewed his acquaintance with his many friends.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Jan. 7, 1905:

C. E. Bush, Erwine Clark, Miss Etta Titus.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

For Sale.

I will sell my half interest in the Palmer & Vickery livery stable at a reasonable price for cash or approved paper. Inquire of F. J. VICKERY, Smethport, Pa.

A complete stock of Enamel Ware and kitchen Furniture at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Try the Acme Cushion shoe for ladies. The easiest shoe made, at Rubin's shoe store.

Go to Charles Lenimler for robes, blankets and bells. No better line can be found.

F-708

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE, Smethport, Pa.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

One of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case ing Bags, etc., at popular prices.

All the latest styles in single or ght and heavy harness.

...mmler, ...Sport, Pa.

BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.50 & $1.50

FRY & COMES MORE JANUARY BARGAINS

Many careful buyers are taking advantage of the economy chances afforded in these Clearing Sales of ours.

The great object with us is to convert the winter stock into cash and turn the space they occupy over to the spring goods which must soon arrive.

Some of the prices quoted represent less than actual cost. Read it through; every item is offered at a substantial reduction.

FURS

There's a few very attractive neck pieces and muffs for ladies' and some handsome sets for misses.

The reduction is a fourth off regular prices and in some cases even more.

Children's White Boas 35c to 75c
Muffs to match 98c
Sets in White and Colors 75c to $6.50
Ladies' Scarfs or Muffs $1.50 to $19.50

SKIRTS

All of the season's best styles in dress and walking skirts must go now. The newest ones are REDUCED ONE-THIRD; a few will be marched out at HALF-PRICE.

$1.38 to $5.75

SHIRT WAISTS

Late styles in Flannels, Heavy Cottons, Mohairs and Worsteds REDUCED ONE-THIRD. 67c to $2.35

NIGHT GOWNS

Outing flannels for ladies, gents and boys. ONE-FOURTH OFF.

38c to 75c

LADIES' UNDERWEAR

Oneita Combination Suits in white and grey.

Wool Vests and Pants in white only.

Dollar grades at seventy-five cents. Better ones in proportion.

75c to $1.50

YARN

Fleisher's Best Black German Knit-Yarn 85c per pound.

BEDDING

Cotton Fleeced Blankets 48c, 55c, 75c, $1.00

Wool Blankets in white, gray, scarlet and plaids. Reduced like this:

$2.00 pair at $1.50 $3.50 pair at $2.60
5.00 pair at 3.85 6.00 pair at 4.50

COMFORTS

Best silkoline covers and lining filled with pure white cotton in single sheet. REDUCED ONE-FOURTH.

94c to $2.25
$7.50 Down Comforts at $5.00

OUTING FLANNEL & FLANNELETTES

The best ten cent values at eight cents. Others reduced accordingly.

8c to 12c

DRESS GOODS

$1.25 Heavy Cheviots in gray & brown, 58 inch at 89c
50c Zibelines and Novelties at 38c
30c Striped Waistings 22c
75c Cravanettes 60c

VAL. LACES

A broken lot containing some very choice patterns at HALF PRICE.

EMBROIDERIES

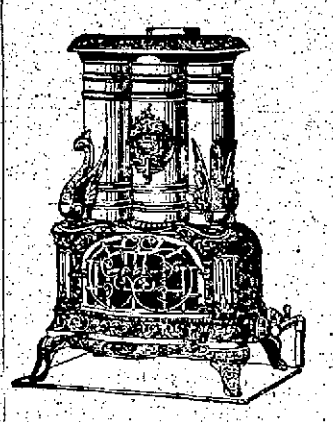
Our entire stock ONE-THIRD OFF.

MONARCH SHIRTS

We have gone through the stock and sorted out a lot that we will let go at very much under price.

Dollar Negligees at 75c
Dollar Fifty Negligees at 98c
Dollar Stiff Bosoms at 50c
Dollar Fifty Stiff Bosoms at 75c

FRY & COMES.



JUST A MOMENT

Really, we don't expect to be able to tell you all the good points about

GARNET JEWEL HEATERS

in "just a moment," but what we would like to do is to secure your attention long enough to impress upon you the merits of this THE MOST EFFECTIVE HEATER FOR NATURAL GAS MADE.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

PRILL

Has the stock you should see before purchasing elsewhere.

DIAMONDS
Of the finest quality

ONE PRICE TO ALL

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
Lies in our store waiting to be seen;
And as you see, and handle, and admire,
You'll wonder that the prices are not higher.

ONE PRICE TO ALL

WATCHES
All makes and grades at the lowest prices.

Hawkes' Cut Glass,
Genuine Bronzes,
Silk Umbrellas,
Beautiful Opera Glasses

BELL PHONE 473. BELL PHONE 473.

7 MAIN ST. PRILL BRADFORD, PA.

The Bishop's Impromptu

By E. E. GARNETT

Copyright, 1904, by E. E. Garnett

"Whatever possessed you," said Miss Cordelia, "to quarrel with her?"

"I didn't. She quarreled with me."

"Don't be an Adam."

Bert ignored the case of Adam. "If I could see her alone," he said gently—"alone accidentally."

"Accidentally, of course. That's where I come in?"

"Why not?"

"Because I am on her side."

"But so," radiantly, "am I, always on her side."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Miss Cordelia, she sent me her ring with a note saying she had changed her mind. I can't go cringing after that, can I? But accidentally"—

"Why," interrupted Miss Cordelia, "did she change her mind?"

"Some law of the fourth dimension may explain."

"You've no guess?"

"Well," protested Bert, "a man can't be an Egyptian mummy just because he's engaged."

"I see. And I don't see any hope for you."

"Then I'm sorry to be a nuisance, Miss Cordelia; but," settling himself like a rock, "I must stay until she comes. She comes often, doesn't she?"

Miss Cordelia began to laugh. "Why," she asked, "don't you write to her?"

"I want to be sure that she cares before—well, one doesn't like to be a bound dog for nothing."

"And how will you be made sure?"

"Oh, the minute I see her."

"It must be delightful," Miss Cordelia remarked pleasantly, "to be a man."

"Oh, I'll know," said Bert, with genial assurance, "and you'll help, and then"— He stopped, with a sudden flash of mischief in his eyes.

"And then?" Miss Cordelia leaned toward him, with her own eyes twinkling.

"Then I'll kidnap her!" cried Bert and sprang to his feet. "If she cares, Miss Cordelia, upon my soul, I'll kidnap her."

"Oh, how young and silly!" said Miss Cordelia and sighed.

"Listen. It's quite sensible," Bert explained joyously. "The engagement was talked about, you know. Every one discovered it."

"Yes," assented Miss Cordelia and smiled.

"Now the break is being talked about, and little Nixie, poor girl, hates the whole business."

"It's quite likely," Miss Cordelia put in dryly, "that she especially hates the talk going on about you and that little flirt Nellie Carl."

"That isn't my fault. Anyway," with conviction, "this plan will make everything right."

"Oh, indeed," repeated Miss Cordelia—

"You see, after all she's been through"—

"Exactly," Miss Cordelia put in, with feeling.

"I mean in the way of talk. She'll hate to begin all over again."

"So"—

"So," beamingly, "we'll cut the thing short."

"And I'm to furnish the knife?"

Bert gave her a nod. "It's great," he cried and made for the door. "I'll see the bishop."

"Mercy on us!" protested Miss Cordelia, but he only paused to make a brief request.

"Miss Cordelia"—

"Oh, you silly boy!"

"Ask her to wear white."

"I dare say."

"I'll tell her the rest myself."

"And when," laughed Miss Cordelia, "is she to wear white?"

"Tonight, of course. You wouldn't have me live through another day like this?"

Miss Cordelia surrendered. "Come to dinner," she told him. "Come early—and—we'll see."

"It's great," said Bert and was off.

Miss Cordelia began to feel a little fluttered. She got Nixie on the telephone. Would Nixie come to dinner? Nixie would be delighted to come.

"And I wish," called Miss Cordelia next, "that you'd wear white, dear. I—I like you in white."

"It's very fortunate, then, that I've a new white silk," said Nixie.

Miss Cordelia chuckled. "Come early," she added. "Be sure to come early, and Nixie"—

"Yes."

"There's quite a snow beginning. Wear that pretty, warm cloak of yours, the long, fur-lined one with the hood. We're all going to a—a little impromptu at the bishop's and come back to supper." And then she fled out of hearing.

Nixie dressed as desired and came early.

"What sort of impromptu?" she questioned brightly.

Miss Cordelia helped to unfasten the fur cloak.

"It's a secret," she explained.

"Gracious, how funny! Does the bishop know? Who knows?"

"Very few know," admitted Miss Cordelia.

"May'n't I?" pleaded Nixie sweetly. "Have a white dress and a cloak," smiling, "anything to do with it?"

Miss Cordelia suddenly kissed her. "It's a beautiful secret. Bert will tell you, and you mustn't be angry, dear."

"Oh," said Nixie, and for an instant the flash of battle was in her eyes. "Mr. Bert Jordan is here?"

"You don't want to avoid him, do you? Since every one knows you have rejected the poor boy, I think," faltered Miss Cordelia—"but I mustn't meddle—I think you might show him a little grace."

"How," Nixie questioned frostily, "does any one know anything?"

"Oh, they look at Bert, I suppose," said astute Miss Cordelia. "Shall we go down, dear?"

They went down and found Mr. Jordan waiting. There was a white rose-bud in his coat, and he was rather white himself, but a kind of smoldering fire was in his eyes.

"Will you show Nixie my new orchids?" suggested Miss Cordelia. "I must stay here to receive the other guests. And, Bert, tell her about the impromptu—the bishop's impromptu."

Mr. Jordan bowed. Nixie led out with a graceful nonchalance.

They at once forgot the new orchids, though a whole end of the conservatory was a cascade with their weird rich blow bloom.

After a silent time Nixie pouted.

"You needn't sulk," she told him.

"I didn't mean to," Bert protested in hurried meekness. "I was only anxious about—about some roses that I've ordered."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Yes. I was wondering if they'd get to the bishop's in time."

"You and Miss Cordelia," she remarked sedately, "seem to have the bishop's impromptu quite weighing on your minds."

"Oh, it's no great matter to her," said Bert.

"But a great matter to you?"

"Well, they're double roses, you see."

"A wedding!" cried Nixie alertly. "Was that what Miss Cordelia meant—a wedding?"

"Yes," he admitted, "that is what she meant." And he was white as his rosebud.

She looked at him, and suddenly the battle was again in her eyes.

"How stupid of me!" she said and made a low bow to him. "Of course only the bridegroom sends the bride roses. Allow me to congratulate you. You've been breaking it to me gently—I am so much obliged to you—that you are the happy man."

"It is my wedding," said Bert and set his teeth.

"So kind of you to mention it. Has Miss Carl come yet?"

"I don't know."

"Shouldn't you be finding out?"

But here there came a diversion—the swish of skirts, with chatter and laughter, going down the hall.

"Oh," said Nixie, "they're going in to dinner."

Mr. Jordan gravely offered his arm. The girl's lips quivered. She looked up at him in swift appeal in the way of the days before the quarrel.

"They'll all know," she faltered, "that you've been telling me, and they'll try not to stare and not to smile, and it will be horrid, horrid!"

"Don't go," said Bert.

She gave a nervous laugh and slipped her hand within his arm, but he stood still.

"We must go," she said and gave a little pull and set her mouth in as firm a line as she could. "It's too late not to."

"It's rather late to go," said Bert. "They're all seated by now. If Miss Cordelia has given us the places that she used to give us"—

"We'll have to walk the whole length of the table," broke in Nixie and gave a little sob. "I'll never forgive Miss Cordelia—never. And where," suddenly drawing away from him, "is Nellie Carl?"

"I think," said Bert, astutely bending his head to listen, "that they're sending for us." Truly a step came down the hall.

"Oh," gasped Nixie, "so they are!"

"Let's cut and run," said Bert.

In another instant they had whisked out among the stray flakes of the piazza. She leaned against one of the pillars. One hand in a hurried little flutter of excitement went to her throat. The other Bert held and felt it trembling.

"Come on," he said, joyously facing the snowy night, "come on!"

"Come where?" The dismay of it was touching, but Bert laughed.

"To the bishop," he explained. "The impromptu."

"But I don't want to go there now."

"Why not? You always intended, didn't you—to be married by the bishop? Why not now?"

There was a pause, wherein vainly through the darkness he tried to search her face.

"Let me carry you to the sleigh," Bert entreated, "so that your little feet will not get wet in the snow."

"Your sleigh is waiting?"

"At the curb."

"And Nellie Carl?"

He laughed triumphantly and, snatching her up in his arms, ran out into the street, and ready under the great fur robes of the sleigh was the hooded cloak.

"How ever did Miss Cordelia guess?" laughed Bert as he drew it about her, "or did you tell her?"

"You are two wicked plotters," returned Nixie indignantly. "I shall go back to that dinner."

But the groom had stepped back from the horse's head.

"It's great!" cried Bert, as they dashed down the street with the soft, cold beat of the snow in their faces. "And I can't stop the horse unless"—

"Well, unless?"

"Unless you want him stopped, Nixie."

"Do you know," asked Nixie demurely, "if either of us has told the bishop, because it would not be respectful to disappoint him?"

"But there's one thing, Nixie." This somewhat later.

"Oh, is there?"

"You haven't your mind at all on Nellie Carl, have you?"

"Well," said Nixie, and softly laughed, "I don't see why you should kidnap the wrong girl."

So they dashed on toward the bishop.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O. A delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

AN ODD FISH.

Queer Marine Monster a Natural Enemy to Whales.

While operating at a fishery in Admiralty island, Alaska, one summer my attention and the attention of the fishing crew were almost daily attracted to a large marine creature that would appear in the main channel of Seymour canal and our immediate vicinity. There are large numbers of whales of the species rorqual there, and the monster seemed to be their natural enemy. The whales generally travel in schools, and while at the surface to blow one would be singled out and attacked by the fish, and a battle was soon in order.

It is the nature of the rorqual to make three blows at intervals of from two to three minutes each, and then sound deep and stay beneath the surface for thirty or forty minutes. As a whale would come to the surface there would appear always at the whale's right side and just about where his head would connect with the body a great long tail or fin, judged by five fishermen and a number of Indians, after seeing it about fifteen times at various distances, to be about twenty-four feet long, two and one-half feet wide at the end and tapering down to the water, where it seemed to be about eighteen inches in diameter, looking very much like the blade of the fan of an old fashioned Dutch windmill.

The great club was used on the back of the unfortunate, while in such a manner that it was a wonder to me that every whale attacked was not instantly killed. Its operator seemed to have perfect control of its movements and would bend it back until the end would touch the water, forming a horseshoe loop; then with a sweep it would be straightened and brought over and down on the back of the whale with a whack that could be heard for several miles. If the whale was fortunate enough to submerge itself before the blows came, the spray would fly for a distance of a hundred feet from the effect of the stroke, making a report as loud as a yacht's signal gun.

What seemed most remarkable to me was that, no matter which way the attacked whale went or how fast (the usual speed is about fourteen knots), that great club would follow right along by its side and deliver those tremendous blows at intervals of about four or five seconds. It would always get in from three to five blows at each of the three times the whale would come to the surface to blow. The whale would generally rid itself of the enemy when it took its deep sound, especially if the water was forty fathoms or more deep. During the day the attack was always offshore, but at night the whales would be attacked in the bay and within 400 yards of the fishery.

I do not know of any whales being killed, but there were several that had great holes and sores on their backs. Questioning the Indians about it, I was told that there was only one that it had been there for many years and that it once attacked an Indian canoe and with one stroke of the great club smashed the canoe into splinters, killing and drowning several of its occupants.—Forest and Stream.

Slam.

The worth thing ~~that~~ can happen to a man in Siam is to get into debt, from which there is never any escape, owing to the exorbitant interest charged. Once in debt there is no appeal, the debtor being stripped of his clothes and compelled to work in fetters, generally for the rest of his life, to pay the interest. Drunkards are not permitted to give evidence in the law courts of Siam. The Buddhist priests, clad in yellow robes, are to be seen everywhere in Bangkok, and it is quite common for young men to enter the priesthood, which affords them an easy and luxurious existence, owing to the liberality of the populace toward any one sanctioned to the service of Buddha.

A Chinese Columbus.

The belief in a Chinese Columbus was first allowed by scholars only in the first half of the last century. The claim is that a Buddhist priest in the fifth century crossed the Pacific to this continent and returned, making a written report of his discovery. The report still exists. It was translated into French in 1791 by M. de Guignes. It gave a narrative of a voyage eastward by a priest for 20,000 li, where he found a country which he named Fusang. People similar to the Indians were described, as well as American plants. The only doubt about the matter is as to the distance meant by 20,000 li. The priest may have reached only some island in the Pacific ocean.

Well Timed.

"That was a great sermon you preached this morning," said the old churchwarden, "and it was well timed too."

"Yes," rejoined the parson, with a deep sigh. "I noticed that."

"Noticed what?" asked the puzzled warden.

"That several of the congregation looked at their watches frequently," answered the old man, with another deep sigh.—London Telegraph.

An Unpardonable Fault.

Figg—Goodman is dead. He has led a most beautiful and a correct life. Everybody praises him. Fogg—But, confound him, he trumped my ace once when we were playing partners at whist.

Sorry He Spoke.

Caller—What did sister say when you told her I was here? Tommy—She said, "Oh, thunder!"—Boston Traveler.

Rhythm and time in the art of music have to come from the heart, not from the machine.—Dr. Joachim.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

A PRAIRIE DINNER.

Cooking Utensils May Be Dispensed With In Preparing It.

Suppose you start on a trip across the mountains. You have plenty of "grub," but you accidentally left your cooking utensils behind—not a dutch oven, not a frying pan, not a tin plate, even a tomato can. Do you suppose for a moment I would sit down on that sack of flour and starve? Not quite.

Build a big fire and when it gets low shove a lot of good old spuds under the coals. If you have fresh meat the way is clear for broiling. If not, slice your bacon, impale it on a stout switch and when your spuds are done break them open and allow the good old bacon grease to drop on their ass it broils on the end of that stick. You want coffee. Rip the jacket off that canteen, bring the water to a boil, funnel your coffee in, and your coffee is ready. But how about the bread? No pan to mix the dough in, no article in which to bake the bread. You don't like ash cakes? All right. Just mix your baking powder carefully in the top of the sack, form the flour into a funnel shape, pour in very little water at a time—don't be afraid of getting your fingers balled up—mix that dough right there, and when it is the desired consistency roll it out like a snake. Cut a cane from any old thing, wrap this snake shaped piece of dough around it in a long coil, turn it before the fire until it is good and brown, and you will have finer bread than grandma ever made.

If the average Arizona prospector can't take care of himself when he has plenty of raw grub it is strange.—Mescal in Tombstone Epitaph.

A KIND HUSBAND.

Should He Never, Ladies, Oppose the Wishes of His Wife?

Is the kind husband a failure?

That depends. A husband can scarcely show his wife too much kindness. But sometimes real kindness may be shown in opposing her wishes. If the husband has any mind of his own he must use it. He need not be mean in his opposition nor arrogant nor tyrannical. He should be reasonable at all times and disposed to highly regard the expressed wishes of his wife even though these wishes may seem to him to be whimsical or capricious. But—

Kindness does not require subservicency or entire and instant surrender of opinion. Indeed, it is easy to see how such surrender might lead a wife to despise her husband. He who fetches and carries like a poodle is likely to be considered a poodle.

Women admire strength in a man.

This strength need not necessarily be physical, though that is desirable. Women love strength of character in a man. And—

Is it not so, ladies? When a woman coaxes a strong man to her point of view by strenuous endeavor, does she not regard it as merit to have influenced this big, strong being? If she gains her own way at once and at all times she has achieved nothing, and there is no rejoicing in her heart.

Certainly a man should be kind to his wife—always kind. But he need not be an automaton or an echo or a plaything.

Is it not so, ladies?—Albany Times-Union.

Admitted the Lie.

Concerning King William IV. of England the following story was told, the Countess of Strafford being responsible for it: "The king was at dinner. Next to him was a titled woman whom he was entertaining with some extraordinary anecdotes, which the lady found it impossible to believe were true. She therefore answered, 'Oh, sir, I beg your pardon, but I really do not think that can be true.' To her surprise he instantly replied, 'You are quite right, marm, there is not a word of truth in it. It is a lie, marm, a lie. In fact, marm, we all lie; we can't help it. We had it from our mother!' This," concludes the Countess of Strafford, "was the biggest lie of all, for Queen Charlotte was a very truthful person, never given to lying."

Stories of the Gravediggers.

Grimly humorous is the tale of the gravedigger who complained that he did not get constant work.

"But, George," said the minister, "if you were to be constantly employed in the duties of the office you would soon bury the whole parish."

"That might be, sir, but hoo am I to keep a wife and family unless I get regular work? 'Deed, sir, I havena buried a leevin' soul for the last six weeks."

Harder still was the case of another gravedigger who was asked to reduce his fee for digging a grave because, "mind ye, James, she was an auld woman and was sair spent."—Chicago Tribune.

Not His Turn to Laugh.

Stranger—You are the only gentleman in the room. Guest—In what way, sir? Stranger—When I tripped in the dance and went sprawling on the floor, tearing my fair partner's dress, you were the only one in the room who did not laugh. Guest—The lady is my wife, and I paid for the dress.

Knew When to Stop.

Farmer Cornstassel—Ye don't mean to tell me ye've stopped smokin'! Farmer Longjaw—Yep; threw away m' pipe this mornin'. Been smokin' nigh on to fifty-seven years an' was afraid if I didn't quit pretty soon I'd git the habit.—Puck.

Appropriate.

Foreigner—What is the significance of the eagle that is stamped on American money? United States Citizen—It is the emblem of its swift flight.—Detroit Free Press.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. R. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John F. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
County Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Curtis.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Battle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hunbery, president; Miss Tamy Raymer, secretary; B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, C. H. Rockford, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Bailey.
Justices—R. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Christ, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

W. A. ASHORFER, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WM. FORCHION, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 183, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m in the M. E. chapel.

MRS. JANE M. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ALICE HEATLEY, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, D. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 4 p. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 10 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 27, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg: 10:10 a. m.
Train 122, week days
For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north. 4:04 p. m.
Train 123, week days

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:00 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled Parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:55 a. m., New York 7:15 a. m., Baltimore 3:20 a. m., Washington 4:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:13 a. m., week days (10:58 a. m. Sundays), Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:25 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:58 a. m. week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays), Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:10 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

NORTH	Weekdays. STATIONS	SOUTH
A M LV		AR P M
9:30	Ridgway	11:50
9:49	Johnsonburg	11:30
9:56	Glen Hazel	11:15
10:07	Straight	11:04
10:12	Instanter	10:59
10:20	Smith's Run	10:52
10:29	Woodvale	10:45
10:35	Clermont	10:40
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 305, leaving Ridgway 12:01 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 3:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
(EO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 19th, 1904, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct., Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. for all points East and West and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. for Nansen, Marienville, Clarion, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and intermediate, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

10:35 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. for all points East and West, and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. for Nansen, Marienville, Clarion, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and intermediate, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

4:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. East and West, and at Kane with P. R. R. for Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

5:15 p. m.—Saturdays only for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Junction and Bradford.

Trains arrive from Bradford, Kane, Mt. Jewett and intermediate points, Daily except Sunday at 9:00 a. m., and 3:30 and 5:40 p. m. Saturday special arrives from Bradford 12:30 p. m. (Sunday).

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummings, ticket agent, Smethport, Pa.

H. H. Gardiner, Gen'l Pass. Agent, A. B. Campbell, Gen'l Supt. Buffalo, N. Y. Bradford, Pa.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective May 29, 1904

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:30 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:39 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:10 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.).

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:30 a. m.); Olean (arr. 10:20 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:45 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.) Shawmut (arr. 1:45 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:22 p. m.) and Brookwayville (arr. 4:47 p. m.).

2:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:48 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:33 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:08 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:34 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:28 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

3:05 p. m.—For Larabee (arr. 3:35 p. m.) connecting with P. R. for Port Allegany (arr. 7:08 p. m.); Coudersport (arr. 7:45 p. m.); Emporium (arr 8:05 p. m.).

Trains arrive:—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane. 2:20 p. m.—From Brookwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont. 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean. 2:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MAHONEY, General Supt. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	Lv Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar	Dp	A.M.	P.M. A.M.
8:05	7:05	2:10	Ulysses	7:20	2:25	9:10
7:50	6:53	2:10	Crowell	7:37	2:32	9:18
7:46	o	1:57	Carpenter	o	2:34	9:...
7:40	6:48	1:53	Perkins	7:32	2:37	9:26
7:37	6:45	1:50	New'dd Junc	7:37	2:42	9:32
o	o	1:45	Newfield	7:41	2:46	o
7:05	6:36	1:41	Gold	7:44	2:49	9:40
7:00	6:30	1:35	Raymond	7:49	2:55	9:47
6:45	6:21	1:24	Seven Bdg's	8:01	3:06	10:02
6:40	6:17	1:20	Coleburg	8:04	3:09	10:10
6:25	6:10	1:12	Frinks	8:12	3:17	10:20
6:15	o	1:05	N. Couds'pt	o	3:26	10:35
6:10	6:00	1:00	Dp. Ar.	8:25	3:30	10:45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4:30	7:45	12:15	Ar. Dp.	8:28	6:00	1:20
o	o	12:15	Hammond	o	o	o
4:05	7:38	12:09	Olmsted	8:33	6:05	1:31
3:59	7:33	12:03	Mina	8:37	6:10	1:37
3:45	o	11:59	Knowlton	o	6:17	o
3:40	7:25	11:55	Roulette	8:47	6:21	1:51
3:30	7:16	11:47	Burtville	8:54	6:28	2:01
3:23	o	11:41	Chem. Works	o	o	o
3:20	o	o	Port Allegany	9:03	6:40	2:25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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Aunt Mary, Banker

By James Cleary

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When the First National bank of Olivet was organized, capital $50,000, Aunt Mary Hilliard became a stockholder to the amount of $10,000. She was a wealthy widow, past middle age, and could have furnished the full amount had she so desired.

The balance of the stock was taken by the business men of Olivet and farmers thereabouts, and in due time the bank opened for business. When the stockholders met to elect a board of directors they figured on leaving Aunt Mary out, though she was one of the largest stockholders. She was a woman, they said, and she knew little about business, and she should be well content to draw her dividends and leave the active management to men.

"Don't make any mistake about me," cautioned Aunt Mary as she settled her bonnet on the back of her head and stood up. "I've been doing business ever since my husband died, fifteen years ago, and I think I've learned a thing or two, even about banking. I not only want to be a director, but I shall drop in here quite often to see how things are going."

Aunt Mary was made a director. It was that or trouble. Then the five directors elected a president, secretary and cashier, and four of them smiled paternally as the woman claimed the honor of making the first deposit. The president was a newcomer in the town, but he had money and had been cashier of a bank in Buffalo. The secretary and cashier were old residents.

The First National secured a large business at once, and as time passed on Aunt Mary dropped in occasionally to keep posted. People who thought she was old fashioned in her business notions or that her limit was selling butter and eggs had to acknowledge their mistake. She was quite up to date on figures, and she knew a good investment from a doubtful one as well as the president did.

Things were being managed in good shape all around, and the bank was looking ahead to fair dividends at the end of the year, when Paul Hazzard, nephew to Aunt Mary and a young man of twenty-two, appeared on the scene. That is, he appeared at Aunt Mary's house, two miles out of town, for a visit of a month or two. As he

"IF HE HAS HIS WAY ABOUT THINGS YOU'LL NEVER MARRY KITTIE."

came from a good family and had just finished at the university and was about to study for the law the harshest critic could have found little fault with him in that regard. Aunt Mary let it be known that he was the apple of her eye and her heir as well.

It wasn't the fact that Paul came to visit his aunt that shook the First National to its foundations later, but that he promptly met and fell in love with Kittie Leslie, daughter of the bank's president. It so happened that his own aunt made the introduction in the directors' room of the bank, introducing him to the father at the same time, and so the young man found himself properly vouched for. Mr. Leslie appeared to look upon him with favor, and Kittie was well liked by Aunt Mary, and thus the love match started off well. In a month there was an understanding between the two. Trees, shrubs and burdocks grow faster in a country town than in a big city, and perhaps love does the same.

Gossip had it that it was all settled between Paul and Kittie when the girl's father stepped in to unsettle things. He had no objections to Paul on general principles, but he had other views regarding Kittie. In fact, he was planning a certain combination of love and finance. He had his eyes and ears open, and when he thought the flirtation had gone far enough he put his parental foot down. He had a talk with Paul. He was very nice about it, but also very firm.

"So Mr. Leslie thinks you are not good enough for his daughter, eh?" Aunt Mary queried when the news had been broken. "Well, this is not strictly banking business, but I shall drop in tomorrow and have a few words with him. Seems to me his head is getting too big for his hat."

Aunt Mary dropped in and had a talk. Mr. Leslie was suave, but he didn't want Paul Hazzard for a son-in-law. He said all sorts of good things as an offset, but he was firm on that one point. It wasn't policy for him to antagonize one of the largest stockholders in the bank, and he tried his best to smooth over things and send Aunt Mary away in a friendly spirit.

"Well, I've seen him," she remarked on returning home. "If he has his way about things you'll never marry Kittie."

Paul groaned.

"But he won't have his way," she continued. "On the contrary, I'll have mine. You and Kittie be patient for a few weeks and there'll either be a marriage or your Aunt Mary will admit that she doesn't know rabbits from woodchucks."

The shares of the First National were valued at $110, with none for sale. All men will sell, however, at a price. That very day Aunt Mary began hunting up the small stockholders, buying stock and pledging them to secrecy. She paid fifteen, twenty and twenty-five bonus, but she got what she was after. In a month she had a controlling interest, and the stock was duly transferred on the books. There was considerable speculation as to what was up, but no one surmised the truth until the first annual meeting came around. Aunt Mary was present, and it was noticed that her jaw was set.

"We will now vote to elect a board of directors," softly announced the secretary when the meeting had been called to order.

Aunt Mary had a ticket of her own to vote, and she speedily voted the old board out. In answer to their looks of consternation she said:

"This afternoon the directors will elect officers. I shall be president and my nephew cashier."

"But, my dear Mrs. Hilliard"— began Mr. Leslie.

"I am within my legal rights, sir," she interrupted. "I have never run a bank yet, but I think I can do so. That is, I shall do so unless"—

The pause was dramatic. All had a suspicion of what was wrong, and Mr. Leslie knew that he was in a trap.

"Unless what?" he finally asked, with a rather pale face.

"Unless my nephew should get married soon. In that case he would not want to act as cashier. Did any one move to adjourn?"

No one had. In fact, no one wanted to adjourn until things had been settled.

"I think your nephew had better get married," observed Mr. Leslie as he stared into vacancy.

"Very soon?" queried Aunt Mary.

"I think Kittie will be ready within a month."

"Well, if that's your opinion, I'm quite agreeable. Would it be against the law to hold a new election for directors?"

"You seem to be the law yourself."

"Then I'll call a new meeting and cast my votes for the old board, and as a director I vote to re-elect the old executive board. I have a little more stock than I want, and if any of you hear of anybody who wants a few hundred at $110 please send them to me."

The Doctor Had to Go.

A physician in south Baltimore, having decided that a flagpole on his house would add to its good appearance, employed a man to rig the staff to his roof. This man had for his assistant a six foot negro imbued with all the superstitions of his race.

The big staff had been hoisted to the roof and was nearly in place when the negro happened to glance down at the crowd that had collected in the street to view the work.

The physician, desiring to see how the work of setting up the pole was progressing, had gone to the opposite corner to see the work, when the negro saw him. The crowd saw the darky stop working and say something to his employer. Then the negro left the roof, and the work was postponed. The negro had said:

"Look, boss; dere's dat doctor down dare lookin' fo' a job. I knows I's agwine to fall off dis roof, and dat man'll cut me up. 'Deed, I ain't agwine to strike another lick o' work while dat man's down dere."—Baltimore Sun.

How Glass Beads Are Made.

A rope walk is connected with the glass factory, a narrow gallery about 150 feet long, so situated that the middle of it is not far from the furnaces. Two workmen seize a huge wedge of molten glass between their blowpipes, and after it has been blown hollow they gradually stretch it out into a long, swinging rope, hollow in the center. When cool, it is skillfully chipped into fragments of uniform size. These fragments are then picked up by boys and stirred in a tub with sand and ashes to fill the holes and prevent the sides flattening when heat is again applied. This final heating is done in a skillet over a hot fire to round the edges and give the beads a globular form. When cool they are placed in sieves, the sand and ashes drop out of the holes, and the beads are ready to be sorted according to size.—London Standard.

The Club Woman's Husband.

Some women are accompanied by maids to club conventions and occasionally by children, but almost never by husbands. The American husband fills his wife's purse, gives her a check book for emergencies, bids her a proud "Au revoir" at partings and is content to read of her speeches and her gowns and perhaps to see her picture in the sensational newspapers while she is away. Usually the husband of a woman of prominence in these matters is a hardworking individual, himself having neither the courage, the parts nor the liking for public demonstrations. The quick lunch in a crowded restaurant is the only break in his day's grind, but he grudges his wife nothing of her publicity or luxury.—American Lady in London Telegraph.

ANIMALS' WANDERINGS.

Rats the Most Migratory—Lemmings Race With Death.

The fable of the country mouse and the town mouse has a foundation in fact. Mice occasionally migrate in large numbers when food grows scarce and travel considerable distances to fresh houses. Farmers in a part of Perthshire had a good reason to become aware of this fact when a couple of years ago vast swarms of mice invaded their cornfields at harvest time. But the mouse only travels when it has to. The rat, on the contrary, seems to take a yearly outing in very much the same fashion as do human beings. Rats are the most migratory creatures in the world. Whole troops of rats leave the towns at the end of summer and spend a month or two in the country, apparently in order to enjoy the change of food, which the county affords at that time of the year in the way of fresh fruit and grain. Before the cold weather sets in they are all back in their old quarters.

Reindeer migrate with the same regularity as swallows. They move south when winter sets in, but as soon as ever the snow begins to melt they travel steadily north, sometimes for as much as a thousand miles.

To end a holiday by deliberate suicide is so strange a phenomenon that for a long time naturalists looked upon the stories of the migration of the lemmings as an improbable fiction. Yet the facts are beyond dispute. At irregular intervals these rat-like creatures start out from their homes in the fastnesses of northern Scandinavia in huge droves, numbering tens of thousands, and travel steadily southward. Death pursues them in a hundred forms. Hawks and other birds of prey hover above them. Foxes, wolves and man decimate them. Thousands are drowned in rivers. Yet the rest struggle on until they reach the sea. They do not stop. They plunge in, swim out and struggle on until at last their strength fails and they drown. Not one ever returns from this journey of death.—London Answers.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

When an attorney offers to settle, listen.

Some men try to get business by fighting people.

The successful business man is one who knows when people will not do.

When a man's disappointed and quits, the dog says afterward that that was just the time when he should have held on.

When one of the town boys marries an out of town girl it creates more "feeling" than when a town girl supports a husband.

When a man wants to sharpen a knife he hunts up a whetstone. When a woman wants to sharpen a knife she takes a few swipes on a crock.

It often happens that the woman who has a reputation far and wide as a judge of a good bargain seems to fall down when she picks out a husband.—Atchison Globe.

Mediaeval Monarchs.

Almost every mediaeval monarch claimed the whole or a part of the dominions of almost every other and insisted on inserting his claim in his list of official titles. In treatises and all official documents the whole list was religiously copied, and as it often happened that the two negotiating monarchs had some of the same titles it became usual to insert a clause in the list, non praejudicando, in order to indicate that, no matter how absurd, inappropriate or untrue were the titles, they were understood to be inserted because they pleased the monarch who claimed them, that they did not confer a valid claim, and so no harm was likely to result from their use.

An Ingenious Scheme.

A story is told of a Chicago girl whose verses were always "declined with thanks" who hit upon the following unique plan for having them published. She would send a line of verse from one of her poems to the query column of some newspaper and ask from what poem such a line came, the name of the poem and of the author. A friend, also a rhymester, would send the querist's own poem to the paper with the desired information, and of course it would appear in print. The querist would do the same for the friend and so on until between them they had all their "poems" printed.

Feathered Barometers.

There are lots of birds which prophesy rain and storm in their actions. Crows, gulls, wild ducks, snipe, plovers, woodpeckers, cormorants, wild and tame swans and most of the wading birds show great restlessness when stormy weather is approaching. They fly swiftly and often aimlessly up and down, fluttering from tree to tree and place to place, and usually scream loudly and harshly.—Nature.

Violated the Rules.

Assistant—Here's an account from your tailor among this morning's letters. He writes on the back that he wants a settlement at once. Editor—Return it with a printed slip stating that communications written on both sides of the paper are unavailable.

An Inherited Quality.

Mike (the cop)—Faith, an' phwot an ould fashioned kid that is! Katy (the nurse)—Shure it is. An' no wondher thot she's, for some av her ancistors lived nearly 400 years ago.—Judge.

Signs.

Gayboy—I guess my wife expects callers today. "What makes you think so?" "She began the day by making the house unfit for any one to live in."—Life.

ADAM

By KEITH GORDON.

Copyright, 1904, by Frances Wilson.

The girl in the hammock laid her book face downward beside her, a faint, skeptical smile visible about her mouth.

"How do you go about it?" was the question that her eyes asked of the radiant landscape. "It's all very well to say that a woman, if she have not a hump upon her back, may marry whom she will, but how would she go about it?"

The scratching of a match broke the summer stillness, and her meditations were suddenly precipitated from the general to the concrete. She glanced where a man's form bulked in one of the huge wicker chairs. With his hand forming a screen he was lighting a fresh cigar, seemingly oblivious to everything in life, except that and the Engineering Journal, which lay in his lap.

He was her brother's best friend, and she had known him for years, not with much satisfaction, it must be confessed, since he was notoriously a "man's man," living in a man's world and regarding the rustle of feminine skirts with something of the same feeling that he did the humming of a mosquito.

But he was good to look upon—so good that a sudden, quick resentment shot through her heart at his indifference. It assumed the likeness of a personal affront, a sort of insult to her sex. It would serve him right if some girl would just make up her mind to marry him and do it, too, before he knew what he was about.

Meanwhile he had tossed away the match and picked up the Journal again as imperturbably as if he were alone, a pair of half indignant eyes watching him with a combination of pique and amusement.

It certainly would serve him right, her thoughts ran on, if some lady would fix a wind him round and round her finger, make him fetch and carry at her beck and call, reduce him to a perfect life of sentiment. Something in her stare caused him to move uneasily. He look up.

"Did you speak?"

He had the perfunctory manner of a person who knows he must keep guard over himself or he will be guilty of some remissness. A heroic resolution to do his duty was visible in his face.

"No," she drawled, "I didn't speak. But if you don't mind very much I think I will. I'd like to ask you, for instance, if you have ever had a ladies' day?"

"A ladies' day?" the repeated helplessly, shutting off his eyeglasses with a characteristic movement while his tormentor watched him as if he had been some sort of a specimen that she had impaled upon a pin. Then a light dawned upon him.

"You mean such as they have at the clubs—a day when the place is given up to your sex and other matters go to the wall? Well, no, I don't know that I ever have had."

"Don't you think it is time?" she ventured.

"Possibly," he admitted, but he still held the Journal in a way that suggested a well nigh unconquerable desire to return to it. She stretched out her hand. Reluctantly he handed it over.

"Did it ever occur to you," she asked blandly, "that the creature who tempted Adam so successfully, who is at the bottom of everything, as it were, must be as—as intricate as your old engineering problems?"

"I have always considered Adam weak—very weak," was his evasive answer. "Men aren't like that nowadays."

At these boastful words a resolution that had been taking form in her mind became full fledged. She was inspired with the sense of a mission. Her neglected sex should find an avenger in her.

"You think you wouldn't have eaten of the apple, then?"

There was a new note in her voice. It was at the same time a challenge and an appeal.

As if it were something absolutely new it came to his mind that girls were delicate, helpless creatures, and a wave of tenderness for the sex swept over him. Still he was very positive that he wouldn't have eaten the apple, and something in the soft, babyish, yet dependent way in which she looked at him caused him to explain at great length why.

"Has talked fifteen minutes by the clock," she was thinking in high glee, but outwardly she was all deferential honey sweet attention.

"I'm sure he wouldn't have yielded if he'd been like you!" was her earnest comment when he finished speaking, and at the words he was conscious of a pleasant expansiveness, a caressing sense of satisfaction as delightful as it was unusual. It was as if he were growing taller, broader and more severely strong before her very eyes.

"Go back to your reading. I'm not going to bother you another minute." She jumped up and, laying her hand on his arm, finished ingenuously: "You don't mind my bothering you, do you? A girl gets so tired of woman talk! A chat like this is like a plunge in a cold stream." And she vanished into the house and scurried to her room, where she threw a kiss to her image in the mirror, with the remark, "You're doing well for a beginner, my love."

Down on the broad piazza the man and returned to the closely printed columns before him, but after a half hour he gave up.

"I'm stale!" he murmured, throwing the paper on the table. "Wonder where's she gone? Never before realized how interesting she is—for a girl. Had I ever had a ladies' day? Umph! That was funny!" And he smiled at the recollection of it.

For the next two or three days she avoided him as much as possible.

"I must give him plenty of line," she decided craftily, "and never let him suspect that he's taken the bait."

On the third day he proposed a long tramp to her.

"You don't want a silly thing like me," she protested, with modest self depreciation. "I can't talk about bridges and buttresses and caissons and all those interesting things that you know about. I shall only bore you."

"What was it you said the other day about the creature that tempted Adam?" was his laughing reply. "Perhaps I want to take up a new line of study."

"I just made him think I was the most dependent thing that ever lived," she confided shamelessly to her mirror that night. "My timid little feet could scarcely get over the ground without help, and as for climbing fences"—

She went off into a peal of laughter as she remembered how solicitous he had been about her getting over a fence that was in their way—and she who could turn a handspring as well as either of her brothers.

"Of course I couldn't do it if I really liked him," she murmured. Then the girl in the mirror averted her face quickly. "I'm just going to give him a much needed lesson, you know," she went on. This time the girl looked into her eyes for a moment. After that she threw herself on the bed and buried a hot face in the pillows.

As the weeks went by the startling conviction that there was one girl in the world who never bored him, never made him long to escape and get back to his own kind, came to be a certainty to the man. With the coming of this knowledge the world seemed a brighter, livelier place.

The idea of marriage, which had hitherto seemed as remote as that of suicide, came and lodged, within his brain as if it were an old friend. He thought, with some scorn of his former views.

* * * * * * *

They were standing under the big apple tree in the back garden. From the ground she picked up one of the round, smooth apples and began to eat it. Something in the action brought back to him the conversation they once had about Adam, and he wondered how he could ever have been so cross, so dense. He held out his hand.

"Please, Eve," he beseeched.

"But you are not like Adam," she began archly.

"No," he said meaningly. "He waited for temptation. I—don't intend to wait!"

And that night she whispered to the girl in the mirror, "What Thackeray says is true!"

To Fill Up Her Time.

The family who had lived for ten years in the small house owned by old lady Crocker had moved away. She asked her agent to secure some quiet and desirable tenants for the property as soon as possible.

The agent advertised and within a few days had a call from a man, who asked numerous questions about the house.

"There are seven good sized rooms," said the agent, "and an excellent cellar. How many are there in your family?"

"My wife and myself and twelve children," said the man.

"Ah," said the agent, "I'm afraid that would hardly do, as Mrs. Crocker is old and something of an invalid and lives next door. She is not particularly fond of children."

"Well," and the man looked indignant, "I shouldn't think she'd mind; there are only five little ones."

But the agent shook his head.

"It's all right anyway," said the man, with a quick change of base. "I don't believe there's land enough around that house, and it's too near the city. What I really want is a place farther out, with an acre or so of ground and a barn and a chance to keep a cow and chickens and room to grow some vegetables, so my wife will have something to take up her spare time."—Youth's Companion.

The Miss of a "Mr."

An amusing illustration of the value of courtesy in the factory is given by the London Engineering Magazine. "At one time," says the writer, "we had some large forging drawings returned to the works, and the order clerk, into whose hands they came, told his errand boy to 'take them to Burnham,' one of the foremen. The boy looked in astonishment, but upon a peremptory order he went off with the drawings. We missed them a day or two later, and upon inquiring of the boy he said, 'You told me to take them to burn 'em, and I did it.' In fact, he had taken those drawings to the boiler room and had them burned, all because the order clerk forgot to use the 'Mr.' when giving his instructions."

Jack and Gill.

Jill or Gill is an abbreviation of the once feminine name Gillian or Juliana. In Icelandic mythology Jack and Gill are two children kidnaped by the moon while drawing water, which is carried on their shoulders in a bucket suspended from a pole. The Swedish peasants still account for the moon spots in this way. A play with the title "Jack and Gill" was popular at the English court between 1567 and 1578. How far back the English nursery rhyme with this title dates is not known, though every school child is familiar with the lines.

INSECT MIMICRY.

Butterflies That Assume the Color and Shape of Tree Leaves.

A phase of animal life which attracts our attention and calls forth unceasing wonderment is that of protective resemblance. Nature has wisely endowed certain defenseless animals with this peculiar faculty, which makes them mimic their surroundings so that they may avoid their enemies. This is especially true of some insects. The katydid, with its gauzy green wings, will fall zigzagging from a tree to the ground in such a way that any feathered enemy seeing it would think it a leaf. The same method of protection is seen in our common butterflies and moths that mimic flowers and leaves. The moths mimic bits of wood and stone, so that when they alight on the ground they are at once invisible to their pursuers.

Traveling fakirs in India have a way of making use of their knowledge of this faculty in insects and by means of it perform what they call a miracle. The fakir thrusts into the ground a small tree with leaves about three inches long. He then takes from a box a dozen or more butterflies of rare beauty. When the onlookers have examined these to make sure that they are real he throws them one by one into the air, and they alight on the tree and immediately become invisible. The first supposition is that the onlookers have been hypnotized; but the fakir catching the little tree and giving it a shake, the butterflies dart into the air and again settle about the tree and disappear.

The fakir then points out the illusion. The butterflies were not three feet from the eyes and had so mimicked the leaves when their wings were folded that the deception was perfect, both in color and shape. There were even the delicate mold spots, the central or mid rib of the leaf and the delicate lateral branches from it, while the stem of the leaf was closely imitated by the lower portion of the wings, which were pressed against the stem. This mimic, known to science as "kallima," if followed by a bird simply alights on a bush or tree and becomes invisible.

Other interesting instances of mimicry are found among the butterflies in India. A naturalist noted a butterfly there that was not only a remarkable mimic, but when followed it imitated the peculiar flight of a butterfly that was obnoxious to birds. In almost every group of insects we find this protective resemblance, but those among the walking sticks and walking leaves are most remarkable. In the latter we have an example of an insect so closely resembling a leaf that it bears close examination without discovery. The insect looks as if it were made up of several pieces of leaf. Still another cannot be taken for anything other than a dry brown twig or branch, so closely has it imitated the color and the sharp angles.

In all forms of life there is a tendency to adaptability to the peculiarity of its surroundings. Gayly tinted birds are not, as a rule, found on white, sandy wastes, but in forests where there is deep coloring and the contrast is not great. The lion, the giraffe, the ostrich, are forms which assimilate their surroundings. In California the horned toad is almost as invisible as the sand on which it lives. The little canyon toad mimics the rocks on which it rests, while the frog of the east is scarcely to be distinguished from the weeds among which it lives.—New York Herald.

A Sarcastic Inscription.

"In New York," said an author, "there is a rich man whose hobby is autograph editions of books. His library is really remarkable. Take up in it a volume of Swinburne, of Rossetti, of Guy de Maupassant, of Kipling, of George Gissing, of Tolstoi, of Daudet, of any modern writer almost, and you find on the fly leaf an interesting and affectionate letter from the author to this man.

"Very valuable these autographs must be, and very extensive must be the New Yorker's acquaintance with the best writers of the age. Yet there are some who sneer at his autograph editions, claiming to detect an amazing similarity in the handwriting of the dedicatory notes.

"One night there was a party in the New York man's house. Among the guests was an actor who is very skeptical about the authenticity of the wonderful autographs. To him the host showed a new copy of Chaucer that he had recently bought, and the actor, when no one was looking, wrote on the book's fly leaf:

"'To Jack, from his dear friend and schoolmaster, Geoff Chaucer.'"—Kansas City Independent.

A Modern Antique.

A story told of Pistrucci has its point for collectors. Pistrucci was an Italian and chief engraver at the mint. It is, by the way, to him that England is indebted for the fine group of St. George and the dragon on the reverse of the sovereign. He insisted that modern work in cameo should be quite as fine as ancient work. A "potboiler" head of Flora which he engraved and sold to a dealer for £5 was afterward sold as an antique to Richard Payne Knight for £500. Knight took the cameo in triumph to Pistrucci.

"Where can you get modern work like that?" he asked.

Pistrucci smiled and claimed the antique for his own. Knight would not believe him.

"Examine the roses," said the artist, "and you will see that they are modern flowers."

The point was admitted by others, but never by Knight, who bequeathed the gem and the rest of his collection to the nation. But for the roses an expert would undoubtedly pronounce Pistrucci's cameo a fine antique.

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BREAKING THE RECORD

By Jeanne Caldwell

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The man grasped the lever of the French touring car, and the crimson demon stopped so suddenly that it fairly sprang backward. The lane was narrow, and the girl who stood directly in the path of the machine had the imperious carriage of one who felt she held the key to the situation. When the dust had subsided, the man saw that above the imperious figure rose a face of singular charm, surrounded by an aureole of copperish gold. All this he saw in a flash despite his leather visor and ugly goggles.

The girl came to the side of the machine.

"You are Mr. Benedict's chauffeur?"

The man nodded his head and made a motion as if to raise his cap. The girl put one foot on the step.

"Yes, I recognized the car. I want you to take me to Barrington as fast as you can make the machine go."

The man stirred uneasily.

"But I am meeting some people at the 11:30 train—"

"That makes no difference," said the girl, sweeping away his objections with

"WILL YOU PLEASE THANK HIM FOR ME"

true feminine finality. "I will answer to Mr. Benedict for your disobeying orders. A woman is dying in that cottage. To save her life the doctor must have certain things from his office in Barrington, and you must take me for them."

Even before she finished the sentence he had thrown open the low door, and she sprang up beside him. As she settled into her place the mighty car swung round in a circle, and they were off. She unfastened the veil from her big flat hat, tucked the latter behind her and tied the tulle over her hair, which refused, however, to be confined by such gentle measures. The man saw all this from the tail of his eye despite the goggles.

The road stretched before them, smooth and level as asphalt pavement. No teams were in sight.

"Faster!" cried the girl impatiently. "You can surely make better time than this!"

"Against the law," said the man curtly.

"Very well, break the law. I'll pay the fine if you are arrested. Oh, don't you understand? I've never seen any one die, and we've got to get back in time to save her!"

The car sprang forward. The girl closed her eyes suddenly. She had never ridden so fast.

"Accident?" hissed the man's voice in her ear.

"Yes; she fell and cut herself. I was driving by in my pony cart when I heard her groan. It was dreadful. I had never seen blood before, you know. Just then Dr. Herron drove along. He said something about an artery and went to making bandages. I—I don't think I was much good—I turned so faint. Then he wanted to drive back to Barrington for some things, and—I—I was afraid to stay alone with her. He wrote the list on a paper, and I was just starting with the pony cart when I heard your machine. The doctor says she has just one chance in a hundred. You were the chance."

The car stopped at the top of the hill.

"Brace yourself," said the man curtly. Then came the plunge downward. It seemed to the girl as if the wheels did not strike the ground as they passed through space. When they reached the foot of the hill she realized suddenly that the chauffeur had been holding her in the car with an arm firm and unflinching. He did not apologize when he removed its support. They were turning into the village.

"Which street?" he demanded. And she pointed to a white gabled cottage. He was evidently a well trained chauffeur of a multimillionaire bachelor. He knew enough to keep his place and not to take advantage of an awkward situation.

The doctor's wife followed her to the car, talking volubly.

"Now, don't you stay around that place, fretting your soul out, Miss Carleton. The doctor will get some neighbor to stay with her."

The car panted up the hill.

"Isn't this dreadful?" asked the girl nervously. "Oh, excuse me; I know you are making good time, but it seems as if we were crawling. That woman has the dearest baby. She cannot die and leave the poor little thing all alone."

"Did you ever think, Miss—Miss Carleton," said the man, watching her curiously, "that the baby might be better off if the mother died? The woman is poor. You or some other rich woman might adopt the child and give it a better home than the mother ever could."

"No, you don't understand. So many men say such things because they do not understand women—and babies. It isn't the home, it's the love." She had forgotten that the man beside her was a servant. She was thinking only of the baby that had cooed confidingly in her arms while the doctor worked over its mother. "I've seen it curled in her arms. If she died, no arm would enclose it in just the same way. No, you can't understand, because you are a man. But I—I've felt always that I was cheated out of something—something that every other girl I knew had—a mother. There's a loneliness—I can't just tell you what it is. Sometimes it comes in the dark when you are alone and sometimes when you are among other people and see other girls with their mothers. I can't describe my feeling, but I just felt as if I must save the mother to that baby."

The man did not answer, but the machine did. It gave a despairing groan and shot up the incline in a way that would have made its makers proud.

The touring car stood outside the humble cottage until the girl came out again. Her eyes shone like stars.

"We got here in time. She is alive. I think you very much. Is Mr. Benedict coming home today?"

The man nodded and put a hand on the lever.

"Will you please thank him for me?—and I will do so in person when we meet."

* * * * * * *

"Mr. Benedict, if you are very good you may take Miss Carleton out to dinner," said his hostess. "You know she has developed into a haughty Berkshire beauty."

"Little Manie Carleton?" he murmured.

"Yes; only since she is old Charley Carleton's heiress they spell it with a 'y'—Mayme.'"

They crossed the room to where Miss Carleton was chatting with her host. She extended her hand cordially.

"I am glad to see Mr. Benedict home again, and especially glad to have this early chance to thank him for his touring car, which I borrowed so unceremoniously this afternoon."

"And my chauffeur?"

At sound of his voice Miss Carleton looked around as if for support, but host and hostess had drifted away.

"I—I thought—"

"Of course," he said, with a quizzical laugh, "it has been five years since last we met—and then there were the goggles." He was looking at her hair. "I think I like it best tied down with a veil," he remarked irrelevantly.

* * * * * * *

"I'll send your carriage away and let me take you home in my car," he urged. She hesitated, then gave the order, and they went back over the Barrington road.

"We broke the record right here," he said gleefully as they slowly climbed the hill. Then his voice turned serious. "I like to break records—and yet here I've wasted five years away from you, wandering the world over. I never realized until this afternoon why it was that I was lonesome too. I've been wanting just you—and I didn't know it."

And then the big car shot into the dim shadows of the narrow lane, and not even the night birds and the stars could see the answer he read in her eyes.

A Difficult Case to Cure.

Once I was assistant to an elderly doctor in Ontario, who also run a drug store. He was as peppery as a cayenne pod, and from time to time customers and patients sprung jokes on him just for the fun of hearing him growl. On one occasion a well dressed young fellow called at the shop and asked the doctor to prescribe for a breaking out and a rash on his left arm. The doctor examined the limb and pronounced it to be a bad case of eczema.

"I suppose, doctor, you can cure it?" said the patient.

"Why, certainly," replied the doctor.

"How long will it take to get well?"

"Oh, I guess about two months," said the doctor.

"Quite sure, sir. Is it a bad case?"

"Positively the worst I've seen."

"Then I will leave it with you and call for it again when cured," solemnly said the patient, slowly unfastening his arm, which was an artificial one and painted for the occasion.—Pearson's Weekly.

Kiwi the Oldest of Birds.

In New Zealand is found the kiwi, a strange bird of the ostrich family. Ostriches have two toes, but the extinct moas had three toes; so also have the existing emus, cassowaries and rheas, or South American ostriches. The kiwi, however, differs from the other struthious birds in having four toes. Further, the kiwi cannot be said to be quite ostrich-like, for in size it is not larger than an ordinary barnyard fowl. It has a small head, with a large and muscular neck and a long slender bill, with the distinguishing feature that the nostrils are placed close to its tip. The legs are short, but the muscles on the thighs are well developed, and the feet are strong and powerful and provided with sharp claws. The kiwi is a bird devoid of any external trace of wings, and there is no trace of tail visible, while it is covered with long, narrow hairlike feathers, and on the fore part of the head and sides of the face are straggling hairlike feelers.—Chicago Chronicle.

Lack of Order.

It is astonishing how all of us are generally cumbered up with the thousand and one hindrances and duties which are not such, but which nevertheless wind us about with their spider threads and fetter the movement of our wings. It is the lack of order which makes us slaves. The confusion of today discounts the freedom of tomorrow.

Art Criticism.

Uncle Josh—There was one of them landscape painters around here yesterday. Uncle Silas—Well, landscape painting ought to be a good, healthy occupation. It keeps a man out of doors an' gives him plenty of fresh air.—New York Press.

A PEEP INTO BERLIN

RIXDORF, THE WHITECHAREL OF THE GERMAN CAPITAL.

There Are No Slums, and Everything Is Bright and Clean and Under Police Control In the Quarter Where the Working People Live.

Nothing in Berlin so much impresses me as Rixdorf, the Whitechapel of the German capital.

You know the east end of London—the stifling courts, the grimy alleys, the roaring taverns, the tattered children, the suffocating reek of frying fish and the groups of gossiping slatterns at every gloomy doorstep. Now, let me show how another European city houses its working classes. Come with me into the "slums" of Berlin.

From the center of the city, with its splendid houses and its senseless shops, an electric tram carries one swiftly to Rixdorf, a district connected by every possible means with every quarter of the city, however fashionable or magnificent. And when you reach it you scarcely know that you have left the fashionable and magnificent quarters at all, for on every side of you are spacious streets, with trees planted at the curb, and on the other hand tall white palaces rising up with solid dignity toward a clear sky; huge houses, bright and speckless, with wide doorways, many shining windows and iron railed balconies, where creepers twine and children play; splendid and noble houses, such as you would look for with difficulty in almost any quarter of London. It is here that the working classes of Berlin live out their careful, thrifty and laborious lives.

The jerry builder does not exist in Berlin. As soon as land falls vacant it is purchased by companies of recognized repute, often by banking houses, and only such streets are planned which meet all the requirements of sanitation and art. The houses are built, and the working classes enter them, the well off renting the ground and first floors, the poorer folk mounting to the floors above. From the doorstep to the fan light in the roof everything is clean and orderly.

I have had the pleasure of entering some of these flats and talking to their owners. I found the interiors no whit less pleasing than the magnificence of the facades. Here, for instance, is the home of a man who keeps a little greengrocer's shop in his front room. On the walls are shelves bright with polished china and tin. A stove filled with hot bricks diffuses a pleasant warmth and shines in all its tiles with the labors of the housewife. A table spread with a neat cloth occupies the center of the room and is set out with the frugal tea of the little family. The grandmother, with a warm shawl over her shoulders, sits in a high backed chair behind at her visitors. The good housewife, radiantly clean, leans over the back of the chair, nodding a sympathetic head at every twist of the conversation. Big and burly, leaning against the wall, with his cap in his hand, his arms folded across his deep chest, is the master of the household—an ex-seaman, with shining dark eyes, black hair and a red face.

The big boar hound which pulls the vegetable cart through the streets presses his full weight against the legs of the English visitor and drives him slowly and resolutely to the wall, where he holds him prisoner till the master, laughing, and the housewife, apologizing, call him off. We learn from these good people that they have their hard times and that it is often difficult to dress the children as they could wish, but nevertheless they never go short of food—no, no; that does not happen in Berlin. As for work—why, life would be a poor thing without it, and there is usually an hour or two in the evening when they can go and hear music at the cafe. Oh, yes; they are comfortable enough, and Berlin is pretty good as cities go. But the country—ah, that's fine, that is!

But everywhere, even in this orderly quarter of the city, there is evidence of what the Berliners hate and resent more than anything else—"the control."

"Look!" said my guide, a workingman, as we mounted the stairs of one of these Rixdorf palaces. His hand pointed to a door on the first floor, and I saw to my amazement that it was a police office. "Yes," he said bitterly, "they live with us, even in our houses! The control; always the control!" I asked to be allowed to enter, and, having a magic name on my lips as an introduction, I was permitted to inspect the place. The police greeted me in a pleasant fashion, taking their cigars from their mouths and pausing in their games to give me information. As we passed out and stood for a moment looking at the photographs and descriptions of missing citizens on the wall I told my guide that the police seemed to me agreeable enough.

"They are all right," he said, "but they are only the strings. The people who pull the strings—ah, those are the devils! You should see them! Oh, my heavens, you should!"

But I saw no brutalizing evidence of the control in my wanderings. I entered little beer houses, comfortable places, with tables and chairs and music going cheerfully through the evening, and saw no check upon the enjoyment of the people. They have their beer gardens in Rixdorf, their music halls and their places for lectures and Socialist meetings. They walk through the broad streets and pay calls at each other's houses and crowd to the Tempelhofer feld to see the great military reviews. It seemed to me that they are in happy circumstances.

Now, I saw during all my wanderings through Rixdorf one half drunken man, but never did I see a drunken woman. I am told that drunkenness among the women is unknown.—Harold Bigbie in London Mail.

Winter Tourist Tickets.

To various points in Colorado, Texas, Louisiana, Old and New Mexico, Arizona and California are now on sale via the Missouri Pacific Ry. and Iron Mountain route. Standard Pullman and Tourist car service to California. For rates and full information address Jno. R. James, central passenger agent, 318 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

GREAT GOD PAN

By KEITH GORDON

Trenham arrived at Cantico at 1:30. At 2 Norton's silent, efficient serving man was formally introducing him to the Hutch—his for a month—a squat, oriental looking building standing in the tempered shade of the pines and larches and containing all those touches of home comfort usually ascribed to feminine hands, but found in the modern bachelor quarters.

At 2:30, his tweed suit changed for a more informal costume, he emerged from the low, broad doorway, stirred by a pagan desire to get closer still to nature, out into the dim, cloistered places of the woods, where he might float deliciously upon a sea of silence, whose calm was unbroken save by the ripple of a bird note or the snapping of a twig.

"I say, this is great!" burst from his lips luxuriously as he drew in long whiffs of the suave air with its warm, elusive scent of sweet growing things. "This is life. This is what man was meant for."

As he ceased speaking he lifted his face to the soft breeze that caressed his cheek like a spirit hand and thought unfathered things of civilization. What after all did this boasted condition mean? What but crowded cities with stone where turf should be, the roar of trains, shrieking of whistles, whizzing of autos, clattering of hoofs and the grind, grind, grind of office life. As he thought of it now, looking as he was straight into nature's smiling, inscrutable face, it all seemed supremely ridiculous. Fauns and satyrs, hamadryads and naiads had been wiser.

At the end of an hour's walk he found that the path ended abruptly at a grassy knoll. For a few moments Trenham gazed with an appreciation too deep for words. Then, with a sigh of contentment, he sank down upon the thick grass and stretched himself out, his head resting in the hollow of his clasped hands, his eyes, narrowed to slits like gatekeepers who would say to the beauties about them, "One at a time, please."

And presently the slits became narrower and narrower.

"Spring," he murmured musingly, "is just bursting into young summerhood." Then his lips twitched slightly, and he tried again.

"That apple tree looks like some sweet, sedate Quaker lady."

He stretched his eyes open wide, as if to fling off some irresistible influence.

"Good Lord, am I a poet after all?" he demanded comically of the shadowy self that always attends us, but never so palpably as in solitudes. And then he smiled and lay staring up into the great arch of the blue above him.

Again the slits grew narrow, almost imperceptible. A line from a poem learned in youth trailed across his mind, "Great Pan is dead."

"It's a lie," he murmured, drowsily. "Great Pan is not dead. Great Pan"—

The murmur ended in a knowing smile, the smile of one who has learned for a certainty what fools most mortals be, and that in turn faded into gravity. Trenham slept.

* * * * * * *

"It's a regular sleeping beauty of a place—has a breathless, charmed air, as if it were under a spell. I believe there are fairies or godlings to be discovered."

So had Natica Duke written to a friend soon after coming to Cantico for the summer. There were few houses in the region—a half dozen within twenty miles—and her first impression of the country was only deepened by her long, solitary strolls. She had a mystical feeling that there was something to be discovered—some secret that she was forever on the verge of.

Godling, gnome or fairy, she fancied, might rise in her path at any moment without causing her any surprise, and so it was without dismay that she stopped short at the edge of the wood one day upon finding her favorite spot already occupied.

For the fraction of a second she half believed. Then she wholly disbelieved. No godlings would appear in tan oxfords. Sandals were the utmost one could concede! Still, as a mortal the sleeping youth before her was worth consideration. A glance told her that, and she cautiously drew a step nearer.

He lay so that the spreading branch of a tree shaded his face, his soft linen hat tossed on the grass beside him, thus revealing the thick dark hair that looked as if it might have curled had not its owner sternly refused to hear of such a thing. His features reminded her strangely of certain marbles she had seen, they were so massive, yet so finished, and with girlish attention to dress she bestowed an approving glance on his white negligee shirt, the sleeves rolled up to the elbow, and the duck trousers to match. If he was not a godling he was at least a most attractive mortal.

Daringly she stood and gazed at him, tingling with the fear that he might awaken, yet too interested to turn away. The blue of her eyes was matched by the color of the linen gown she wore. Around her neck a dandelion chain dangled like a cable of rich gold.

With a sudden movement she lifted the latter, breaking off a part of it and fastening it into a wreath. Again she hesitated. Then, with her underlip held between her teeth in a way that showed two very merry dimples, she took a letter from her dress, hurriedly extracted a tiny pencil from the envelope, scrawled something on an unused sheet and tore it off.

Almost holding her breath, she tiptoed nearer. He was sleeping very heavily. The scrap of paper she had twisted into the wreath. At last she stood within an arm's length of his head. She listened excitedly, but the long, even breaths reassured her.

Slowly she bent over; lower and lower the wreath descended until it rested on the crisp dark hair. With the braced air of a person who feels that he is likely to be shot at any moment she straightened up and waited, but he did not move. Then, with a last admiring glance, for he looked like a veritable flower crowned god now, she fled back along the path and in a moment had disappeared in the woods.

Trenham woke from a slumber so deep that his very identity was lost. Long, lazy shadows darkened the sward about him. Who—what—where—

Something pressed upon his forehead, and instinctively his hand went up, his fingers groping eagerly for some meaning in the soft, damp mass that met their touch. Then they closed upon the object and brought it around where his eyes could help.

He stared at it in silence for a moment.

"Crowned, by Jove!" was his dazed exclamation when he at last found speech. The scrap of paper caught his eye, and he detached it, smoothed it out and looked at it with absorbed curiosity.

"I salute thee, great Pan," was scribbled thereon in a girlish hand. And at the words a light dawned upon him. Who was she, and what was she like? How strange that she, too, should have been thrilled with the same weird sense of the nearness of pagan gods!

The dandelions were curling up like tired children, but Trenham carried the wreath home as carefully as if it had been of the flowers of Eden, and he smoked many pipes that night in the soft gloom of Norton's roomy porch, wondering how and when and where they would meet and whether her eyes were blue or gray and whether she was tall or short, dark or fair, his lady of dreams.

Afterward he plumed himself upon having recognized her instantly, though if the truth were known it required no great perspicuity. Asked to dinner by the Stantons—the nearest neighbors, though three miles away—he had accepted on the chance of getting some clew to the young lady.

And he did. At the sight of him the only other guest, a young woman with the bluest of eyes, gave a startled but pleased look that flashed into her eyes and out again so quickly that he would scarce have been sure save for the slight flush that backed up his theory. Later on it transpired that she was the one girl in the neighborhood, and matrons, Trenham shrewdly argued, would scarcely be up to such pranks or even thinking of the great god Pan.

For the rest there are people who are still scandalized when they remember the queerness of the Trenham-Duke wedding. It took place in sylvan style a year later on the knoll overlooking the river, and the bride wore—can you believe it?—a wreath of dandelions.

A Popular Target.

During the famous Fenian raids in the seventies of the last century Colonel Albert Clarke of Boston went to the Fenian camp near the Canadian border. The camp of the Canadian troops was but a short distance away.

One day Clarke, wearing a light colored stovepipe hat, was strolling along through the fields a mile or so from camp. Suddenly the report of a rifle rang out, and his hat fell to the ground. Clarke picked it up and jammed it down more tightly over his head. Another report sounded in the opposite direction, and Clarke then realized that his hat was the cause of the firing. He started to run and the bullets began to fly thicker and faster. When, after a hard run, he reached a piece of woods that afforded shelter he looked at his new tile and to his dismay it was a total wreck. There were all of twenty bullet holes in it, but not one struck its owner.

The sharpshooters of both the opposing forces had been amusing themselves at the expense of the editor's headgear.—St. Louis Republic.

Adirondacks.

"Adirondacks" is an Indian word meaning "wood eaters" and was a term applied in derision to a defeated Indian tribe driven to the mountains by the Iroquois and forced to live there on bark and berries.

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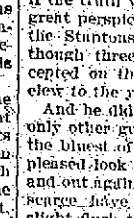

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Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF MCKEAN COUNTY, NO. 86 FEBY TERM, 1903.

IN THE MATTER OF THE PETITION FOR THE APPOINTMENT OF A GUARDIAN FOR CATHERINE STICKLES.

To the Father, Mother, Brothers, Sisters, Children or other kin of the said Catherine Stickles, Take Notice—

That a hearing in the above entitled case for the appointment of a guardian for the said Catherine Stickles, a weak minded person, will be had before the Honorable Joseph W. Bouton at his Chambers in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, McKean County, Pennsylvania, upon the 3rd day of January, 1903, at 10 o'clock a. m.

McKean County, SS.

1903, January 5th, from the record.

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